

DISAPPOINTMENT

OR THE

Mother in Fashion.

PLAY

AS IT WAS ACTED

AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL.

WRITTEN BY

THOMAS SOUTHERNE

*—Neque tu divinum Alceda teate,  
Sed longe sequere, & vestigia fœper adora. Stat.*

LONDON:

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DISAPPOINTMENT

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P L A Y

As it was A C T E D

AT THE

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WRITTEN BY

THOMAS SOOTHES

—Notes in German, French, and  
Sed large papers, & elegant paper, 1811.

L O N D O N

Printed for J. Johnson, Bookseller, in New-Street, near St. Andrew's Church, in the Strand, 1811.

(11)



TO THE  
RIGHT HONORABLE

JAMES

Earl of OSSORT.

MY LORD,

**T**He imputation that lies on Dedications, is  
general: and whether the ill nature of the  
Age has traduc'd the honest intentions of the  
Writers; or they, by their fulsome corruptions, to their  
own wrong, having justly fix'd the Scandal upon them-  
selves, your Lordship may determine: This I believe,  
a Poet may praise his Patron out of countenance, and  
a Lover look his Mistress into the confusion of a Blush,  
and with as little Wit on one hand, as Passion on the other.  
The fear of falling under the Justice of this censure, has  
awed me: and nothing, but the zeal of confessing my  
self, every way your Servant, (having hardly escap'd  
the venture of the Stage) could persuade me to throw  
my self, for a forgiveness, upon a second trial of the  
Town. The reason of my cause has hardned me

## The Epistle Dedicatory.

against the malice of detraction, and over-rul'd my fears to a Dedication. The Name of Offory, I know, will draw every Reader into an expectation of a Panegyrick; and not to rage under the inspiration of that Theme, is grossness, and brutal stupidity, to be shun'd of all the World; and here unpardonable, as would be my impudence, should I undertake it. The vertues of your famous Ancestors, my Lord, live fresh among us; and while the English Chronicle survives, the Ormond worth can never be forgotten; your Grandfather, in every glorious Action, through the whole Story, must begin the Page, shine out, and shew the leading Heroe there. Fortune has once been just, and joining with the wishes of all good men, contriv'd to make the Happiness of your Lordships life, answer the Quality of your House; and to the Nobility of your Birth (made yet more noble by the accession of your Father's Glories) (which you of right inherit, and which your forward Vertue, this Summer promises to maintain) provided you a Lady, whom Nature, in the profusion of her bounty, seems to have made, and only meant for you; to share that greatness, which only Descent, Vertue, Wit, and Beauty, like hers, could deserve. My Lord you are now launch'd out into the Ocean of this life; and may prosperous gales, and smiling Summer Seas

## The Epistle Dedicatory.

*Seas attend you: may your course be steady; still pointing to that genuine Loyalty (the natural vertue of your Family) which your Forefathers nobly try'd, and found the only Goat of Glory: these, with my Prayers for your long life, and happy, safe return, are the constant, and shall be the daily wishes of*

My Lord,

Your Lordships entirely faithful

Humble Servant,

*Tho. Southerne.*



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## Dramatis Personæ.

*Alphonso*, Husband to *Erminia*. Mr. *Betterton*.

*Lorenzo*, Friend to *Alphonso*. Mr. *Smith*.

*Alberto*, a general Undertaker. Mr. *Wiltshire*.

*Lesbina*, his Friend. Mr. *Carlisle*.

*Rogero*, Father to *Angeline*. Mr. *Leigh*.

*Erminia*, Wife to *Alphonso*. Mrs. *Cook*.

*Juliana*, a flighted Mistress of *Alberto's*. Mrs. *Percival*.

*Angeline*, *Rogero's* Daughter. Mrs. *Knight*.

Her supposed Mother. Mrs. *Corey*.

*Clara*, *Erminias* Woman. Mrs. *Leigh*.

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Scene *Florence*.

THE  
DISAPPOINTMENT,  
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ACT I. SCENE I.

*Albertus Dressing.*

A SONG written by the Honourable Colonel Sackville.

**I** Never saw a face till now,  
That could my Passion move:  
I lik'd, and ventur'd many a Vow,  
But durst not think of Love,

Till Beauty, charming every sense,  
An easie Conquest made;  
And shew'd the vainness of defence,  
Where Phyllis does invade.

But Oh! her colder Heart denies  
The thoughts, her looks inspire;  
And while in Ice that frozen lies,  
Her Eyes dart only fire.

Between extremes I am undone,  
Like plants too Northward set,  
Burnt by too violent a Sun,  
Or chill'd for want of heat.

# The Disappointment, or

*Alber.* **T**He World may laugh at these laborious follies,  
That wear away the Day; And so may I,

When my full veins are ebbing into Time;  
When Age shall level me to Impotence;  
And fleeting pleasure leaves me on the soyle:  
Then I may turn a true *Diogenes*,  
Snarle at the pleasures that I cannot taste,  
Despise the gallantrys of Youth and Love,  
And in my Tub grow nasty for my ease.

Enter *Lesbino*.

*Lesb.* Good morrow to your Lordship.

*Alb.* O my Friend!

The sight of thee, awakens the remembrance  
Of all those pleasures we have pass'd together.

*Lesb.* I think the *Roman History*, in the rage  
Of his luxurious Appetite, nay, when  
He made the highest Sacrifice to Sense;

Ne'r rated Flesh and Blood as we have done:  
Such Scenes of Wit! Such hours of Love and Wine!

*Alb.* O my *Lesbino*! Thou remember'st all!

Once at a Feast, when fair *Panthea*, crown'd  
The Queen of Love, sat smiling on her Throne;

We humbly offer'd up our Vows; and strait  
Beauty descended in a sparkling Charm:

*Selina's* passion languish'd in her Eyes,

And thou wert caught;

*Corrinna's* Mulick triumph'd o're the Sphere,

And over me: So all were happy made:

But then the jealous Goddess, from her seat

Flew to our Arms, and there was better pleas'd.

*Lesb.* Yet this was censur'd!

*Alb.* Only by *Clarinda*,

Whose Vertue ne'r appear'd, but in her pride;

Whom I have since enjoy'd, with the dear thought

Of leaving her to my Contempt and Scorn.

*Lesb.* Ah yes! there have been Days!

*Alb.* Have been! there are:

This day, to morrow, every day shall bow

To our desires.

*Lesb.* The Regiments are marching,

And I must post to my Command to morrow.

*Alb.* So suddenly! what Danger presses us?

*Lesb.* Only a City-Plot: Curle on their Politick Noddles,

They've Brains enough to keep their Forcheads safe;

They cry the Soldier's surfeited with ease,

The tokens of foul Leachery appear—

*Alb.* On their own Wives and Daughters:

*Lesb.* And out of Christian Charity to themselves,

And



# The Mother in Fashion

3

And to prevent the growth of Cuckoldom,  
At their expence they Physick the whole Camp,  
And make a War, only to let us bleed.

*Alb.* And thou hast not a vein, that thou wouldst spare  
From old *Rogero's* Daughter: have I touch'd you?

*Lesb.* Faith with wonder, to hear her mention'd here:  
I thought her Birth, conceal'd her from all eyes.

*Alb.* If among common pebbles, we should find  
A Diamond pave our way, 'twere quickly seen.

*Lesb.* You know her then?  
*Alb.* And know her to be mine:

O I am the *Columbus* of that World,  
And will grow rich in Beauty: pow'ful Gold

Has broke the Quarry up: And now *Lesbino*,  
I have a Mother working in the Mint.

*Lesb.* What! make a Mother Bawd to her own Child?  
*Alb.* O none so fit in Nature, the best knows

The constitution of her Daughters blood:  
How high her pulses beat, remembers too

Which way the Devil danc'd, when she was young,  
And there can play him now.

*Lesb.* My Lord! I am pleas'd the Lot is fall on you,  
You'll keep the Sex in action when we come

Hackt from the Feild, to find our Women right,  
Under good Discipline, and Easiness,

Is all the Christian comfort of a Souldier,  
*Alb.* O! this is but the opening of the Scene

That shews my Triumph. Thou shalt know it all.  
No answer of my Letter?

*Servant.* None my Lord.  
*Alb.* Attend without.

'Twas to *Alphonso's* house.  
*Lesb.* Not to his Wife?

*Alb.* Suppose it were?  
*Lesb.* Do you expect an Answer?

*Alb.* I grant a Virgin's modesty may blush,  
And start at her own wishes: But a Wife

A high-fed, wanton, understanding Wife,  
That knows how Beauty in a Husband's arms

Like treasure rusting in a Miller's Chests  
Lies unenjoy'd, yet coveted by all:

For such a Wife secure on every hand,  
From jealous at home, and tongues abroad,

Yours in her vent, and Whiles in her heart,  
That knows the price of opportunity:

For her to trifle out the hours of Love,  
In coy denials, is beyond my Creed.

*Lesb.* But Sir, report speaks loudly of her virtue.  
*Alb.*

## The Disappointment, or

*Alb.* Why vertuous let her be to all the World  
To ease. Husbands, and believing Fools;  
For me I'm settled in my Faith: I've made  
A study of the Sex, and found it frail:  
The black, the brown, the fair, the old, the young,  
Are earthly-minded all: There's not a she  
The coldest constitution of the Sex,  
Nay, at the Altar, telling o're her Beads,  
But some one rises on her heavenly thoughts,  
That drives her down the wind of strong desire,  
And makes her taste mortality agen.

*Enter Servant whispering*  
*Albustus and goes out*

Admit her.  
This is the hinge of my designs;  
Her Confidant; the bawdy Confessor;  
That probes her Ladies Conscience, to the quick;  
To give it ease—the comes! you must withdraw.

*Enter Clara*

What comfort? speak thou Messenger of Love!  
*Clar.* Undone! undone! for ever! O my Lord!  
I was born to be ruin'd in your service!

*Alb.* Hah! what's the matter?  
*Clar.* Your Letter, by what accident I know not,  
Is fallen into my Lords hands.

*Alb.* Death and Hell! then all's discover'd!  
*Clar.* Oh nothing but my fallhood.

*Alb.* The Duke's name was subscribed.  
*Clar.* Ay, you are not suspected. But the credit

Of my function's lost for ever. I have wept  
And sworn my Innocence over, and over;  
And all to no purpose.

*Alb.* That's hard indeed.  
*Clar.* He's raging mad, and has laid such a strict  
Confinement on my poor Lady, so hardly us'd her,  
That sure she'll never think of mankind more.

Unless the thoughts of serving your Lordship prevail.  
Upon my good Nature, to bring her about agen.

*Alb.* Here, thou hast won it fairly.  
*Clar.* Our doors are all barr'd up, and none can find

Admittance but Lorenzo. 'Twas with difficulty  
I stole to find you out, and let you know.  
I am not idle: leave the rest to me: I must away.

*Leib.* I've heard it all. And now my Lord your thoughts upon the matter?

*Alb.* Faith: were it not for a charitable principle of my virtuous Friend  
there, in setting all things right agen: the power of my gold, and her own  
natural inclinations to the office, I should think my affairs were but in a  
melancholy condition.

*Leib.* What do you resolve on?

*The Mother in Fashion.*

5

*Alb.* E'en to go, as the Devil in the Woman drives me,  
For since the conquest that he made on *Eve*,  
'Twas been that Sexes business to deceive—

*Enter Juliana meeting him.*

*Juliana* here! then I am impotent: *Lesbino* stay.

*Jul.* Why do you start *Albertus*?

*Alb.* This indeed

Was unexpected: I was us'd to see  
You oftener: I should chide you: but retire,  
I would not have you seen; *Lesbino*, there

*Jul.* He has seen me here before.

*Alb.* Ay Madam, but

We live in a censorious talking age,  
And he is naturally fond of Scandal.

*Jul.* He is your friend.

*Alb.* But it is hard to know

How far to trust a friend in these affairs;  
Your reputation—

*Jul.* This is poor, my Lord.

*Alb.* Nay then you'll not be answered.

[*Ex. with Lesbino.*]

*Jul.* To play the Woman right: now I should soon  
Call Curses down from Heaven on his head,  
Protest my wrongs, and vow to be reveng'd;  
This were the surest way to please my Sex:  
But why reveng'd? or how have I been wrong'd?  
I knew him false before; the sad experience  
Of other Women, warn'd me of my fate;  
And yet I would not hold from venturing:  
Had he refus'd me, then my wrongs were plain:  
But I have met the softest dear returns,  
That Love could make, or longing Maids desire.  
If he has left me, 'tis his natures fault,  
That cannot be confin'd.

*Enter Clara.*

O *Clara*! welcome.

*Clar.* Madam, I find my Lord has soon dispatch'd your business.

*Jul.* I have met the entertainment I expected here;  
But *Clara*, must I lose him thus?

*Clar.* I have told you,  
He loves my Lady: And he bribes me high  
To prove his advocate in this affair;  
But yet methinks I would do much for you.

*Jul.* And thou shalt find I wonnot starve my cause:  
I'll prove a grateful Client.

*Clar.* As we walk;

We'll think upon the means.

*Jul.* Then let the wanderer rove,  
So I enjoy him in his rounds of Love.

[*Exeunt.*  
Scene



# The Disappointment, or

Some change to Alphonso's Misfortune

Enter Alphonso and Lorenzo

**Alphon.** She might have number'd out the Stars in Sky,  
Fed her hot, lustful appetite with change  
Of every high-fed, wanton fool in *Florence*;  
Yet I have been happy: ignorantly blest,  
Like a true marriage Tool. I might have sat  
Contented, at the lower end o'th feast,  
To welcome all, without a farther thought;  
And when the Business of the day was over,  
When all the company had danc'd her round,  
At night I might have ta'en her to my heart,  
With praises on her Truth and Constancy,  
And thanks to Heaven for such a virtuous Wife.

**Loren.** Alphonso: hear me!

**Alphon.** But to know my self a Monster! Death and Hell  
Children, and fools will have me in the wind,  
And I shall stink of Cuckold to the World.

**Loren.** Come, come: you search too deep, and make your wound.  
**Alphon.** O! I have nothing left me but my friendship  
To satisfy mankind, I once was thought  
Above the reach of such a common Fate.

**Loren.** You are above it still.

**Alphon.** By Heaven I should be:  
For I'll appeal to reason; is it fit  
This man thou hast honour'd with the name of friend,  
Should fall so low, to be the common scorn  
Of Pimps and Bawds?

**Loren.** Your thoughts are on the rack:

But recollect your reason to your aid,  
And cast about, to find this treacherous slave,  
That has abus'd you; if I then forsake you,  
May the severest vengeance of your fury  
Fall here, and mark me with the Villains flame.

**Alphon.** O! think'st thou I am thus, without just cause?  
Had my broad-mouth'd, slanderous Villain said  
I would have turn'd him outward to the Sun;  
Display'd th' infected Fountain of his thoughts,  
And stabb'd the venom'd lye down to his heart:  
But when the Duke's own character confirms it!

**Loren.** Friend, have a care how you pursue that thought;  
There's danger in the way, therefore no more.

**Alphon.** And yet by Heaven! I cannot blanch the Duke,  
For she has beauty that may justify  
All actions, that are meant to compass her;  
Oh! I am well acquainted with her power:  
I have devour'd the spirit of her Love,  
Till drunk with joy, I reel'd to my undoing.

Her

Her eyes have shot me with a thousand fires;  
A thousand times, the little weeping loves,  
That wanton'd in the liquid Crystal there,  
Like *April* showers melting on my Cheeks,  
Refresh'd my Veins into a wanton spring.  
O she is more than I can speak or think,  
The softest Bosom dear! The tenderest Wife!

*Loren.* Yet you would part with her.

*Alphon.* Not for the Wealth of *Pluto*, were she true:  
But she is false, and all my comfort now  
Must be to drive her from my thoughts for ever.

*Loren.* For ever!

*Alphon.* Yes, among the follies of my life, I wou'd  
Forget the Sex: I wou'd not call to mind  
How I have sold the Charter of my Manhood,  
To please the fondness of a Womans longing:  
I would not count those tedious hours agen,  
(Tho in my thoughts!) which I have sacrific'd  
To the fantastick pride of that vain Sex.  
But what I wou'd have bury'd to the World  
Is the remembrance of that fatal hour,  
In which I fondly ventur'd out my hopes;  
My peace of mind, my honour, and my Love,  
In the weak, Sinking Bottom of a Wife:  
O sleep that thought, and I shall be at ease!

*Loren.* You speak as if there were no Woman true.

*Alphon.* I know not what I speak: but if my Wife,  
If my *Erminia*'s false, the Sex is damn'd;  
I know it; and she was the last that fell.

*Loren.* Call old *Rogero*'s Daughter to your mind,  
To prove there may be vertue in that Sex,  
Tho tempted by necessity, and want,  
That Gold could not corrupt, nor pow'r betray.

*Alphon.* What poor! and honest! and a Woman too!  
Does she still keep that point? then who can tell  
But I may be abus'd.

*Loren.* By Heaven you are!  
Some Villain practises against your peace,  
Whom time will best discover: For *Erminia*  
So well I know the conduct of her life,  
I'd stake my Soul upon her Innocence.

*Alphon.* Is this thy thought?

*Loren.* By Heaven my friend it is.

*Alphon.* Wou'd I cou'd make it mine.

*Loren.* Go see her then.

*Alphon.* I dare not trust my Temper.

*Loren.* Come you shall,  
I've given my word.

*Alphon.* To whom?

*Loren.*

*Lor.* Your mourning Wife.

*Alph.* You mock my misery.

*Lor.* I am your friend.

*Alph.* But did *Erminia* make it her request? No you cannot tell. Speak, cou'd she? O the suff'ring Innocence! Thy words have darted hope into my soul And comfort dawns upon me! O speak on!

*Lor.* Her soul in sadness, and her eyes in Tears, She sigh'd she said! She fear'd her heart might break! But she wou'd learn the virtue of a Wife, And labour patiently to suffer all; Then at my feet, in all the storm of Grief, She begg'd me, as for life, to see her Lord; And ever as she did repeat your name Such floods of sorrow burst from her bright eyes, I could not keep my manhood, but wept too.

*Alph.* If thou wert mov'd my friend! oh what must I Have been——had I been present at the view? Such tenderness must have disarm'd my soul, And thrown me for forgiveness at her feet: But 'tis not yet too late.

*Lor.* Then you will see her?

*Alph.* Thy mournful Story has subdu'd my heart, And I have not a thought that does oppose me. Witness it Heaven! and Earth! and thou my friend, I combated this Passion of my Love, Stood this high Test of honour to my pow'r, But am o'ercome: I am, I am a man, And can no longer bear it. O *Lorenzo*! My panting Heart beats to *Erminia's* breast, Struggles and heaves, and fain would be at rest; Weary'd with fears, and jealousies, wou'd come, Thoughtless and free, to taste content at home;

*Firmly resolving never to remove*

*From such a Friend, nor my Erminia's Love.*

*Exit*

ACT



ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Alphonso.

**Alph.** I Parted with Lorenzo on my promise  
To see my Wife, and yet I ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> here  
In a perplexing maze of crowding doubts:  
I'll think no more on't: Ha — **Alberto** here!

Enter Alberto.

**Alb.** **Alphonso!** I have met you luckily.  
I came to find you out.

**Alph.** I am glad my Lord  
Your trouble's at an end, and I am found.

**Alb.** Our Master the great Duke —

**Alph.** Sir, what of him?

**Alb.** Has sent me to you.

**Alph.** O he honours me,  
Too much of late, beyond a Subjects thanks;  
What will this come to?

**Alb.** Hearing that you have left the Court.

**Alb.** For that

There's a necessity calls every man  
Into his own concerns, and Business, Sir,  
In spite of Fortune, will usurp sometimes.

**Alb.** 'Twas something sure of moment, unexpected,  
Could cause that haste, at which the Court admires.

**Alph.** Why Sir admire? is it a miracle  
To find a Courtier honest at his house  
With his own Wife! 'tis hardly Treason this,  
Nor would I have it an offence to any.

**Alb.** O! none at all: but yet the Duke that knows  
Persons of your esteem, and quality  
Make the full blaze of honour in his Court,  
Would have you alwaies near him: therefore Sir,  
To night he makes a publick entertainment,  
Where you and your fair Lady are his Guests.

**Alph.** Sits the wind there!  
He over honours me, and I shall think  
My self too poor, and thankless a return  
For this high Grace: pray let his Highness know,  
My Sword and Fortune wait upon his will.  
But I am ill at measures, and must beg

[aside.]

## The Disappointment, or

To be excus'd.

*Alb.* Your Lady dances well.

*Alpb.* You're in the right my Lord: she does indeed;

She sings well too: if I may be a Judge,  
Who am her Husband, exquisitely well;  
Yet who would think it?

*Alb.* What?

*Alpb.* Nay you, my Lord,

Are out at Miracles; and this indeed  
Requires a Husbands faith: Yet you shall hear it;

My Wife (how prompted she can only tell)

Tho bred up to the pleasures of the Court;

With all those entertaining qualities,

That men admire, and Women envy,

Young, as she is, now, when her blood might well

Employ her Beauty in its proper use;

Faints in the fury of her appetite:

And, (what I must confess I blush to own)

She foolishly affects a Husbands praise

Amongst her Maids, and spins her Youth away.

Is not this strange?

*Alb.* O most impossible!

*Alpb.* That I expected, and indeed I grant you.

This vulgar, wife-like vertue, huswifery,

In a young Lady, is scandalously old,

Quite out of fashion and must be forgotten.

*Alb.* You cannot be in earnest?

*Alpb.* O my Lord!

Marriage would mainly help your unbelief.

*Alb.* As hanging cures the Tooth-ach, Go thy way

Old jealousy: tho I have said in this;

Clara fights wary, and can never miss.

## Scene changes to Erminia's Chamber.

A SONG by an unknown hand.

Poor, ill-instructed, wretched Woman-kind!

Dece'd by Fate,

Preposterously in Love and Hate

Our feeble Mind

Yields up the Keyes of our ill-guarded Treasure

To Tyrant Man, whose arbitrary reign

Scarcely gives us Will, or Power to complain:

Us and our Passions they enchain:

The fleeting pleasure

Holds no proportion with the lasting Pain.

And

# The Moor in Fashion

11

*And about the most ungrateful of thy Race,  
Who hast my Honour, wouldst my name deface;*

*Cease thy pursuing, O! my Love,  
To my undoing.*

*Since all the cruel Perjuries I prove,  
Do but exalt the merit of my Love,  
And whilst thy Falshood immortal proves to me,  
My Love aspires to Immortality.*

*Enter Exminia and Clara.*

*Erm.* My melancholy thoughts are all employ'd  
On those hard-fated Maids, that are bought in,  
By some poor circumstance of Interest,  
To the eternal Slavery of life.

*Clar.* Ah! who that sees in you the marriage joys,  
Will ever trust their Freedom with a Man?

*Erm.* In me! I am most happy in content:  
I love the hand that layes this load upon me,  
And shall although it sink me to my Grave:

*O Clara!* this were wretchedness indeed;  
This usage, were beyond the reach of patience,  
From any, but *Alphonso*, him I love,  
Him, whom my Heart hangs after for its peace.

*Clar.* In him, 'Tis Tyranny to use you thus.

*Erm.* O! I am run behind-hand with my Love:  
I have not yet discounted for those Sums,  
Those endless Sums of Joys; that made me happy:  
And these are but the poor compounding tears;  
The Scene of sorrow the bare interest.  
Which I will pay, till he remits the debt,  
And takes me to the comfort of his Bosom.

*Enter Alphonso.*

*Alph.* He sends for me, invites me to the Court,  
To bring my Wife to Court; now the great Duke  
Appears himself, and claims me for his Cuckold.  
What! bring my Wife to Court! Damnation! none  
But I to bawl to my disgrace; sure something  
Appears upon me, spiritless and poor,  
That marks me for that Office, in his eye:  
He durst not else have done it:—  
I believe her honest yet:  
Her Body not acquainted with the Sin,  
But if her thoughts run foul, her mind's a Whore:  
And the next opportunity compleats  
My black dishonour.

*Clar.* Madam my Lord.

*Alph.* Mistress, you.  
I guess your reverend function by your face.

Nay, here's money for you: An ounce of Gold for but a grain of truth:  
 Canst thou inform me of thy Ladies thoughts!  
 How they're employ'd! on whom? O tell me that,  
 And I will yet believe thou may'st live on  
 Some years in Sin, before th' art to be damn'd. *Char.* Good Heaven defend, my

*Alph.* Nay, then thou art a praying Chamber-Bawd:  
 And truth abhors thee. Foh! how the stinks of th Office. *[ thrusts her out. ]*

*Erm.* My Lord! my much lov'd Lord!  
 How has my ignorance betray'd my peace,  
 And rob'd me of your Love? Alas *Lord*,  
 Freely confess the frailties of my Sex,  
 With all its forms and follies here before you:  
 Oh then if I have blindly stumbled on  
 A fault, in pity to my weakness, you My Lord, will pardon it.

*Alph.* Does the remembrance of any Sin Upbraid your thoughts?  
*Erm.* My Sins are infinite, As is the mercy of relenting Heaven.  
 But I defy my Memory, combin'd  
 With the severest malice of my Fate,  
 Since the first happy minute of our Loves,  
 To point me to a Crime against my Lord. *Al.* What! not in thought *Erminia*?

*Erm.* No, indeed! Not even in thought, as I do hope for Heaven!  
*Alph.* Then where's the need of pardon? You are justify'd.

*Erm.* Alas! I do beseech you on my knees,  
 With streaming eyes, and a poor bleeding heart  
 Inform me: Let that Tempest on your Brow,  
 Fall on the wretched Head of lost *Erminia*;  
 But speak! O let my accusation come,  
 And tell what I have done to move you thus.

*Alph.* Damnation! done! Speak answer me! what, done!  
*Erm.* Alas! what means my Lord?

*Alph.* Have you done any thing? that thus your guilt betrays you to the question?

*Erm.* Indeed I know of nothing to offend you.  
*Alph.* O, were it come to that, did I but once

Conceive a slight suspicion of the deed; It were not time for words:—  
*Erminia*, I believe y' ve done no fault. *Erm.* Then I am happy in my Innocence.

*Alph.* There's not a line in all that beauteous Face,  
 That promises the picture of a Whore;  
 By Heav'n! she should be honest to the Soul;  
 O! I could curse that first seducing Priest,  
 Who with false reasons triumph'd o'er the World,  
 And reconcil'd Mankind to Slavery:

Whilst he, and all that reverend, fatted Tribe,  
 Skill'd in the Arts of Luxury, and Ease,  
 Wisely refus'd the Doctrines that they taught,  
 And only damn'd the Layty to a Wife. *Erm.* Did you not name your Wife?

*Alph.* I did *Ermenia*; And with a Curse upon the cunping Priest,  
 That conjur'd us together in a Yoak, that galls me now.

*Erm.* Would I had never been, or never liv'd to hear you Curse me from you,  
*Alph.*



*Alph.* No I will ever blest to my Grave.

*Erm.* Will you! then sure, oh sure, you cannot hate!

*Alph.* By Heaven and Earth! I never can, *Erminia*!

No: by th' eternal Majesty that awes me,  
I languish with the fondness of my Love,  
Still doat, and fain would keep thee to my heart:  
Oh! thou'rt the very fountain of my joys,  
The spirit of my peace, my spring of Life,  
All that my wishes would, or Heaven can give:  
Yet, oh eternal Torment to my Love!

We must, we must *Erminia*. ———

*Erm.* What my Lord? O sure my heart informs me of my fate:  
What must we?

*Alph.* 'Tis Heaven alone can tell,  
How fatally the secret struggles here!  
With what impetuous force it beats my Breast;  
And tears away my quiet in its way;  
Therefore, it comes. O! we must part for ever:  
I can no more. Farewell.

[*she follows him.*

*Erm.* This, and all's well. Remember poor *Erminia* in her Grave. [*she swoons.*

*Alph.* She sinks, she's gone: *Erminia*! stay, my life!

O I conjure you by those thousand hours  
Of softest joys, that melted in thy arms;  
And by those thousand years of Love to come,  
I charge you stay.

*Erm.* Sure 'tis the voice of Love,  
That summons me to life, and my *Alphonso*.

*Alph.* Look up, *Erminia*! see, I'm rooted here,  
Fix'd to thy fate, and cannot live without thee.  
There are ten thousand blessings yet behind,  
Untasted by the palate of our Loves,  
That wait to Crown our Dayes and Nights together.  
And oh my heart can never think of Joy,  
Nor move me one step onward to my peace,  
Without the partner of my happiness.

*Erm.* Am I? Then sure we must not part?

*Alph.* O never. Forget the guilty thought, as I have done.  
Thou something dearer to me than my Life!  
Grow to my Heart, for ever fix thee here;  
Till time, long Ages hence, shall call us down,  
Old, and embracing, to one Grave together.

*Erm.* Then I am truly happy; Yet my Lord,  
(Forgive the folly of a Womans fears)

If your late Coldness ever shou'd return,  
No wretchedness on Earth could equal mine.

*Alph.* Drive me not back upon my memory,  
But take me to thy Arms, and I will lose  
All thoughts, but of almighty Love and thee.

Thus

Thus Tempest-beaten voyagers at last  
(Tost by the fury of the angry Main : )  
Secure and safe are in the Harbour cast,  
And never, never venture out again.

*Scene an open Garden.*

*Enter Angelline with her Mother.*

*Mo.* I've dropt my Husband in the crowd, and this is the  
Walk, my Lord *Alberto* promis'd to meet me in !  
Come hither *Angelline* ! hold up thy head Child ! ah ! thy  
Mothers own *Twinkle* ! well, fifteen  
Must be provided for, I see that.

*An.* I do not understand you.

*Mo.* No matter for that, I understand enough in this point  
For us both, Child : if you have but the Grace to be rul'd ?  
*An.* I hope I have ever been obedient.

*Mo.* Ay. 'Twill be the better for you : say your Prayers duely,  
And take your Mothers advice along with you,  
And you may come to keep your Coach one day.

*An.* Alas ! I am contented with my poor Condition,  
And would not, if I might, be what you say :  
And see my good old Father go on foot.

*Mo.* No *Angelline*, He and I, and all of us shall ride, if you wish  
Will be instructed to raise us. You know the Lord *Alberto* ?

*An.* Him, that you shew'd me walking with the Duke.

*Mo.* Ay there's a man for you : to my certain knowledge  
He's directly in Love with thee.

*An.* So indeed the Lord *Lorenzo* tells me, he loves me :  
And tho I am more inclin'd to credit him,  
Yet I am far from thinking of it true.

*Mo.* Come, you shall love both.

*An.* That's impossible ! both cannot marry me.

*Mo.* Marry you, no matter for that : but both may serve  
Your turn a great deal better, another way :

Come *Angelline*. Thy Father's poor, thy Beauty's  
Thy portion, and manage it to the best advantage.

*An.* Poor as I am, I scorn to be a Whore.

*Mo.* Bless me ! how can you expect to thrive with such  
Abominable, ungodly words in your mouth, Child ?  
A Whore, fy, fy don't think of the indecent thing,  
But as I was saying, there will be beauty enough at  
Five and Twenty, to throw away upon a Husband :  
Then if you should chance to tarnish, or grow rusty in the  
Wearing, (as Beauty alas ! is but a flower, and flowers  
Will fade.) 'tis but the Matrimony dip at last, and you  
Appear agen as fresh, with as glossy a Complexion, as  
You had never been blown on, and no harm done—I think

I see him coming——

Oh! 'Tis my unseasonable Husband agen, that out of a starving principle of Honesty, will neither stir himself, nor suffer me to labour in the lawful Occupation of a Mother for the advantage of a poor Child.

[weeps.]

Enter Rogero.

Rog. Oh! have I found you! 'Tis very well——A pox o' these Hot Countries. There's no taking a mouthful of Air, Without the venture of being choak'd with the flies: How they swarm in every walk! Coxcombs of every size, And Nation! from the impertinence of the French, Down to the leaden figure of a Dutchman.

Enter Squire, Poet, and Bully.

An. Who have we here?

Rog. The very Picture of folly in leading-strings! now by his Countenance I should guess there has not been an ounce of Brains in the Family, since his Fathers great Grandfather Mortgage'd his, to the purchasing a Title.

An. Of what Sir? a Fool! does that bear such a value in The World?

Rog. O Child! none but our swinging Estates can come up To the price on't: our Lords buy by the whole piece, So that a poor man can hardly come in For a remnant of that Commodity.

An. Methinks I should not covet to forestal their Markets.

Rog. Ah! Thy Fathers own Daughter to a hair! nay, thou hast a tang of thy Mother in thee too, I'll say that for thee Angelline! Thou follow'st good Example: she might have been a Lady, as she says: But no matter for that; she was wiser as I take it: For I' gad I was a Swinger in those Days: Let me——I cou'd have done——I don't know what I cou'd have done.——But 'tis past time a day with me now: come, let's home, or these Vermin will be biting.

Squire. Well, well. Let me alone I warrant you I break her Heart Boys: But heark you Poet! you'll stand by me and prompt upon occasion: While you with your Whiskers terrify my Mistress into silence and attention.

Squire advances between his Poet and Bully.

An. The thing comes towards us.

Squire. Now——will I be Alexander the Great; and with thy right hand, my Poets Brains, and my own Estate, beat down the fortifications of these Amazons, and ravish to the end of the Chapter.

Bul. Bear up Sir.

Squire. Soft, and fair: A General should not be hot-headed you know: Poet, where are you?

Poet. Now Sir,——Bright as &c.

[prompting.]

Squire. Ay, ay: Bright as the Virgin Tresses of the Day,  
When Neptune scours the Sun-beams from the Sea.

An. What does he mean Sir?

Poet.——My Eyes, &c.

[prompting agen.]

Squire.——My Eyes are searcht by your illustrious Face,  
Like dry'd Tobacco by a burning-Glass.

Poet.

Poet. There's Poetry for you.

Squire. Ay, there's Poetry for you.

Rog. Sir, I am poor enough to pretend Acquaintance to the Muses; but I confess I do not understand you. Therefore without your Tresses, Sun-beams, and your Neptunes, I ask you what you would have?

Bully. } Have Sir?

Squire. }

Rog. Ay, have Sir!

Squire. Prithce Bully Whiskers tell him you——

I am not much for fighting.

Bully. Why! may be nothing Sir.

What then Sir?

Rog. Why then I am satisfy'd.

Squire. Why look you there. I knew he was a civil honest Fellow.

Bully. Pox, he knows his men.

Squire. Hark thee old Lad. I have a great mind to be better acquainted with thee. Prithce now, if a man may be so bold; What a Pox art thou?

Rog. What am I! why I am nothing, have nothing, care for nothing, nor depend on nothing.

Poet. He comes of a very Ancient Family.

Squire. Nothing say'st thou? why then I gad I'll have the honour of thy Creation: But first here's money for thee: Now thou art Pimp-master in ord'nary to my Family, from this day forward; and begin thy Office upon that same little Gipsie there.

Rog. Oh I am proud that I have a Daughter for you; but I intend to give you the first fruits of my service gratis. And return your Gold to these Rascals, that deserve it for keeping you company. And this to your Worship.

Squire. Nay if you are thereabouts, your Servant!

Rog. As you like me, reward me!

Bully. Come away! Sir, 'tis a poor old mad fellow, and is not worth your anger; and Faith it goes against my Conscience to murder him, when he has bid so high for my Friendship. Else by the threshold of Mahomet's Temple.

Poet. Let him alone, I am big with Madrigal and will prostitute his Daughter to a Tinker in my next Lampoon.

Rog. This will elevate your Imagination

[Draws and scours 'em off.]

Enter Alberto.

Alb. Rogero! what my old Bully of Sixty five, Levying War with thy Regiments of years about thee! what's the matter?

Rog. The matter, my Lord! why every thing's the matter.

The Coxcomb was in the matter in provoking me; and I was in the matter for beating the Coxcomb about the matter, that in the whole matter it is not a farthing matter, whether there had been any matter or no.

Alb. Very well: but prithce what pretty Creature is that there?

Rog. Where Sir? who Sir? my Wife Sir?

What have you to say to my Wife Sir?

Moth. More than you imagin.

Alber. Nothing, nothing, I man!

Rog. Nothing my Lord! why let me tell you my Lord, She has been——

Alb. Ay, and is still Rogero, a good old Geneva print for you that use Spectacles:  
But



You that use spectacles: But I wear my own

Eyes, and would fain know

Who this lovely young thing is?

*Rog.* Lovely did you say! I gad and you are i'th right on't:

There's a Wench for you.

A Mist'is for an Emperour, by *Jupiter*! my own picture

To a Hair! A Rogue, there's a shape, there's a face,

Then her Eyes and Lips; see how they blubb and pout, and

Twitter and swell at you!

*Alb.* *Rogero*! I'll make bold, and tast your fruit.

[*kisses Ang.*]

*Rogero* going between *Alberto* and *Angelline*.

*Rog.* So much for Civility: And now my Lord, I am sorry for't,

But this same idle Girl of mine, this same, what you will,

This Chit, this any thing, has suck'd such a foolish principle

From her Mother, I am asham'd on't.

*Alb.* Prithce *Rogero*; what is't?

*Rog.* Why I am sorry for't, but I vow to gad she is not for your turn.

*Alb.* What dost thou mean?

*Rog.* Only out of stark Love, and kindness, that a Person of your

Quality should lose his labour, for to my certain

Knowledg, she is most damnably honest;

Come away *Angelline*. Come away Child.

*Alb.* I do not understand thee.

*Rog.* Nor do I intend to explain at present: but my Lord

You'll pardon me. I know nothing of the matter;

My Wife must answer it, it lies at her door.

[*Ex. Rog. and Ang.*]

*Alb.* He knows nothing of my design:

*Mo.* 'Tis only his humour.

*Alb.* Pox on him! how came he here to disturb us?

*Mo.* He met us, at Chappel.

*Alb.* Nay, if our Saints prove no better friends to the intreagues

Of this World, we shall soon fall off the zeal of

Our devotion to them.

But tell me, when shall be the happy hour?

The fragrant infancy of opening flowers,

Flow'd to my senses in that melting kifs:

O! I am wild, impatient as desire,

To force the blushing Beauty to my Bosome,

And there dissolve it to the Salm of Love,

Speak, tell me, when! oh when?

*Mo.* Alas, my Lord! you think I have done nothing for you!

Have not I? When Nature, Conscience,——

*Alb.* I know thou hast: nay nay, here's the best Recipe for

A troublesome Conscience in Christendom

*Probatum est.* I warrant it good, Mother.

[*gives a Purse.*]

*Mo.* Well: I am asham'd of your Bounty; but you are so

Winning a Person, you might ha' commanded me without

A Reward. But to morrow my Lord, you shall see her:

If she should prove frail. But no matter for that,  
You are a vertuous person, and will scorn to take  
The advantage of her weakness.

*A. b.* Not in the least, do not doubt me.  
So, this Conquest's sure; now for *Alphonso's* Wife,  
That suffering Martyr to a wedded Life;  
If her false vertue be not to be sold,  
Farewel our surest Panders, power and gold.

[ *Ex. Mother.*

*Reenter Angelline and Juliana.*

[ *Ex. b.*

*Jul.* Come, come! I know you love him: *Alberto* is  
A very Master in the Arts of Love:  
Practis'd in all the soft bewitching wayes,  
That find the weakness of a Woman's heart;  
Therefore without a blush you may confess it.

*An.* I would hide something from you willingly.

*Jul.* Tell me, is there not something in your heart pleads strongly for him?

*An.* If something from without

Did not plead more, his cause were desperate.

*Jul.* Indeed I hear your Mother favours him.

*An.* Would I could say, 'twere false.

*Jul.* You came to meet him here.

*Aug.* My Mother I believ'd had so design'd:  
For as we came from Chappel with my Father,  
She watcht her time, and lost him in the Crowd.

*Jul.* Does he allow it?

*An.* No; he forewarns me of him.

*Jul.* And be advis'd: fly from his Charms betimes,  
There is no other safety: if you think  
To stand, and guard the passes to your heart;  
You are undone: Oh! I have heard him talk,  
Like the first Child of Love, when every word  
Spoke in his eyes, and wept to be believed,  
And all to ruine me: had I more time  
To tell my story out, 'twould move your pity:  
But yonder comes your Father!

I'll see you suddenly agen: Farewel.

[ *Exit Juliana.*

*Enter Lorenzo and Rogero to Angelline.*

*Loren.* *Rogero*, I am well acquainted with thy worth:  
Have study'd thee; observ'd thee in our Wars,  
Where the hard chance of Fortune, threw thy Lot  
Among the meanest of our Souldiery;  
Unheeded, friendless, destitute of all;  
Till that blunt spirit of thy honesty,  
And forwardness to all attempts of honour,  
Forc'd back thy fate, and made thy vertue known.

*Rog.* Yes. I have been a Souldier; and have been rewarded too:  
Had promises for pay.  
And starv'd for the honour of my profession.

*Lor.*

*Lor.* Well : all shall be amended ; come to Court  
And but apply thy self to our great Duke,  
And thou shalt find a Prince, whose vertue will  
Redeem thee from the smart of poverty ;  
Reward thy merits with an open hand,  
And nurse thy wanting age with ease, and plenty.

*Rog.* My Lord ! you know me : And I know my self ; you bid  
God bless the Duke, I cry *Amen* ; with all my heart ; so far  
We're right : But here I leave you ; not one step further, not an Inch my Lord  
I am not for the Court, not I my Lord ; there's a ruggedness in my nature will  
not let me sell the freedom of my Mind, to feed my body : No, when I see a  
Fool, I must laugh at him ; not soothe him in his vanity, nor tickle him, - till he  
wheeze, and give me an advantage of creeping to his pocket.

*Lor.* But thy family, *Rogero*.

*Rog.* Ay, my Daughter here : why y'are in the right on't agen, well I confess  
I should be glad my *Angelline* were provided for ; But I can neither pimp, flatter  
or lye for a portion for her.

*Lor.* Nor shalt thou need it : here, *Rogero*, cherish  
Thy Daughters vertuous thoughts, nor let  
Her wants betray her to Dishonor.

*Rog.* My Lord : You should be honest.  
But the honesty of this purse is no better than it  
Should be : why, how many reverend Matrons has this  
Corrupted into Bawds ; 'Tis as sure a Damnation to a  
Maiden-head, as fifteen, wit and a good face : But  
Tempter, I defie thee ; and tho it is reasonable I  
Should be a Rogue for this ; I'd have you to know I scorn the Office.

*Lor.* Away, away, do not suspect my friendship :  
On all occasions use me, as thy purse ;  
That shall be open to thee, depend upon me,  
And leave thy Daughters fortune to my care.

*Rog.* *Angelline* ! dost hear that Child ! Th' art made for ever.

*Lor.* *Rogero* ! that *Alberto*, whom you spoke of  
Runs in my thoughts : dost hear me ; watch him close.  
Observe him well : his favour with the Duke,  
Passes those Actions currant to the world,  
Which in an other man, were foul and monstrous :  
Therefore beware of him ! no more ; farewell.

*Rog.* My Lord ! Your servant : But as I was saying, he has  
The Christian Liberty of the Common to ramble in  
As much as he pleases, and welcome : But if he be for  
Leaping into inclosures : If he come to pasture in  
My Ground ; at his peril, at his peril, by *Jupiter* ;  
That's all, that's all : Your Servant my Lord, your Servant. [*Exit cum Angelline.*]

*Lor.* She's gone, and all my thoughts are up in Arms,  
Like wanton Citizens in Luxury,  
Thronging in factious Parties, to their cause,  
Resolv'd and headlong for their Liberties,

Before they know a danger: I am not  
 Of that soft temper, that the eye of Beauty  
 Can melt me from the Image of a Man,  
 Into the fondness of a Womans fool:  
 Yet if I am fated to a Marriage life,  
 My happiness were pure in *Angelline*;  
 In whom the infancy of Innocence,  
 In blushing virtue triumphs o'er age,  
 But then the World! Why let the babling World  
 Report it as they please: Let Interest wed  
 The drudgery of a vexatious Bed;  
 Dayes without peace, and Nights without desire,  
 Still toil, and sweat away their youth for hire.]  
 Whilst safe in Innocence, and Truth; I taste  
 The sweets of Love, fresh running to the last.

[Exit.

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## A C T III. S C E N E I.

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*Enter Alphonso.*

*Alph.* **T**I S late, and I alone: th' hard travell'd Sun  
 Now wantons in the Bosom of the Sea,  
 Whilst amorous Clouds steal nearer to the Earth,  
 And melt themselves away upon the flow'rs:  
 The Beasts in Companies to Coverts run;  
 And all the feather'd Kind, upon the wing,  
 Pair to the Groves, and dream the night away:

*Enter Erminia.*

*Erm.* Then, why art thou the loyterer of Love?  
 Why when *Erminia's* Arms are opened wide,  
 Expecting to embrace thee to thy rest;  
 Why then does my *Alphonso* chuse to wander  
 The melancholy maze of Darkness here?

*Alph.* O thou too justly dost present my Crime!  
 I own I am to blame, to call thee forth  
 Into the rawness of a midnight Air,  
 At this dark hour; But! O, forbear to think  
 'Twas from my choice, that I have staid thus long;  
 'Twas a rude thought, that wou'd not be deny'd;  
 Indeed no more: prithee to bed, my Dear.

*Erm.* Alas! There is no rest for me without thee!

*Alph.* O my Hearts comfort! yet a minute longer,  
 And I'll discharge my Soul of all its load;  
 Come trembling with my strong desires upon me,

To



# The Mother in Fashion.

31

To thy expecting arms, till thou confest  
I've made amends for all the faults of Love.

*Erminia*. I will doubt your Truth! farewell my Lord.

*Alph.* Good night, my Love: O may the softest arm

Of downy slumbers rock thee to repose.

Lull all thy senses fast: And may no thought

(To interrupt the quiet of thy Bed)

(In the loose Revel of a Dream) present

Those Images, that keep me waking here.

*Enter Lorenzo.*

*Lor.* Who's there? *Alphonso*?

*Alph.* Ha! who calls?

*Lor.* Thy Friend.

*Alph.* Lorenzo! alwayes welcome to my Heart:

But now thou com'st, as if my Fate design'd

My Happiness should all depend on thee.

*Lor.* 'Tis late! my friend, how fares thy vertuous Wife?

*Alph.* Well, very well: just parted hence, and now  
Preparing for her Bed.

*Lor.* To morrow we shall meet:

I have an idle thought to satisfie

And then to rest: Good night *Alphonso*.

*Alph.* Friend, am I to be a stranger to that thought?

*Lor.* Thou hast my Soul: But now *Erminia* stays:

Thy soft desiring Wife expects thy coming:

Busie in thought, and hasty for the hour,

She turns and sighs, and wishes; counts the Clock,

And every minute drags a heavy pace,

Till thou appear, the Champion of thy Bed,

Arm'd at all points, and eager for the charge,

That calls her to the Combat of thy Love.

*Alph.* No: not to night, Lorenzo.

*Lor.* Not to night!

*Alph.* No Friend: my thoughts are strangers to repose;  
I'll not to bed.

*Lor.* *Alphonso* have a care:

And physick not thy health to a Disease,

If once the foul infection of a doubt,

But mingle with the current of thy thoughts;

The subtle poison seizes on the Heart,

Corrupts the very fountain of thy peace,

And then the minutes of the Damn'd are thine.

*Alph.* Lorenzo! no; I hope my Fate intends me  
To nobler purposes. Yet.

*Lor.* What?

*Alph.* The Letter——

*Lor.* Well.

*Alph.* I must be satisfy'd of that.

*Lor.*

Lor. You may.

Alph. By Heaven I will.

Lor. Time must discover it.

Alph. O! may I be that hateful thing, I scorn!

The common, ridden Cuckold of the Town;

Stag'd to the crowd on publick Theatres;

Nay, lallied about the streets in rhyme;

When for a wanton itching in my blood,

I gratifie a craving appetite;

And let the just resentment of a wrong,

Expect to morrow for a cool revenge.

Lor. I have a Sword, that wonnot be behind

In any task of Honour, for my friend:

Command me freely.

Alph. 'Tis out come to that.

But thus *Lorenzo*, I accept thy Love!

Go to my Wife, tell her some discontents

Have forc'd me out to travel.

Lor. How! *Alphonso*?

Alph. Observe me out, not that I doubt *Erminia*;

But when my absence is by all believ'd;

Conceal'd in private here, I soon shall find

My vigorous Lover bolting at my Wife;

And I may know to thank him for the Office.

Lor. It has a Face indeed: *Erminia* too,

May bear a part in this.

Alph. *Lorenzo*, no.

Much may be gathered from her management,

In my supposed absence, that may serve,

Thro' the succeeding changes of my life,

To fix my temper to the point of virtue.

Lor. Where shall we meet?

Alph. I cannot wander far.

Lor. This is the door. Farewel.

Alph. So, now my Heart

Be still, beat even measures in my Breast,

That when the hour of Fate shall summon me

The fury of my firm collected force

May strike for Honour in a brave revenge.

Hark, 'tis the tread of Servants coming this way:

I would not be discovered.

*Enter Clara and Juliana.*

Clar. Madam, This office that I venture on, in your service

Is but an ungenerous return for *Alberto's* bounty!

Jul. 'Tis the only way you have left you, *Clara*.

Your Lady has disappointed you: and as I take it,

Your Credit's engaged for the payment of a Sum to night,

Which I must either lay down,

*[Exit in.]*

*[Exit.]*

Or you suffer in your trading hereafter.

*Clar.* Nay, I am easily perswaded; and, upon second thoughts, Imagin there may be less danger, and more Conscience, In this design, than my first undertaking.

*Jul.* O! a great deal more, *Clara*: for so you injure no body: Your Lord will be no Cuckold, your Lady miss nothing, that Ever she had, and I shall have but my own.

*Clar.* True, Madam, But how shall I be just to him?

*Jul.* That I'll tell you too!

*Clar.* He has paid for my Lady.

*Jul.* And he shall have her, or any Lady at the same rate.

*Clar.* How Madam! how? That Art were an Estate.

*Jul.* 'Tis but providing me a dark room, with a little of thy Direction; and the Strength of his own imagination Will carry on the Cheat.

*Clar.* But if he shou'd discover!

*Jul.* Why let him make the best of the discovery; He'll find me a Woman, *Clara*.

*Clar.* Truly Madam, I begin to submit to your Arguments; I believe this Project may take.

*Jul.* It has been successful in *England* already: where intreaques Are carried on with less management, than the *Italian* Air will allow of.

*Clar.* Well, I never knew the good of a strong Imagination before.

*Jul.* 'Tis the best comfort, I fear, of a matrimonial Amour, *Clara*: But when do you expect *Alberto*?

*Clar.* 'Tis near the time: Let's in and prepare to receive him. [Exit.]

A SONG made by Colonel Sackville.

O Why did e'er my thoughts aspire  
To wish for that, no Crown can buy!  
'Tis Sacrilege, but to desire  
What she in honour will deny.

As Indians do the Eastern skies,  
I at a distance must adore,  
The brighter Glories of her eyes;  
And never dare pretend to more.

Enter Alberto.

*Alb.* Well! were there nothing more in anintreaque, than barely The enjoyment, the unconscionable expence of the pleasure Would take off our appetite to the Sin; and the Devil would Soon fail of his correspondence with the World, Unless the prizes of his Commodities fell, that honest Fellows might be damnd'd at easier rates. Where am I? Hold! O 'tis *Alphonso's* House.

And

And this the very hour, that *Clara* promis'd,  
To meet me at, with all her Woman's Arts,  
And joyn in the dear Scene of Cuckoldom,  
The door opens, I will observe at distance:

*Enter Clara.*

*Clar.* My Lord gone in discontent to travel! and my poor  
Lady left in distress here behind him! Let me see,  
There are comfortable applications to be made out  
Of these Doctrines. And if she has not the discretion  
To turn 'em to their right uses; I that am wiser,  
Am oblig'd in conscience to provide for the family.

*Alb.* And 'tis a charitable, Christian-like principle in thee, *Clara.*

*Clar.* My Lord *Alberson!*

*Alb.* The same, I am punctual you see.

*Clar.* And that's an extraordinary virtue in a young Lover,  
And ought to be encourag'd in an Age, when poor  
Women are us'd, just like your Trees; Husbanded only  
Out of a vanity of having the first ripe fruit,  
Without the desire of tasting of 'em your selves.

*Alb.* No faith. I am for enjoying the fruits of my labour

*Clara:* Besides I have a vigorous young, craving  
Appetite; (with a digestion above the fear of Crudities  
These Forty years) that must be satisfy'd at home,  
Before I think of being bountiful to my Neighbours,  
But tell me! *Alphonso* gone to travel. Ha!

*Clar.* Most seasonably my Lord.

*Alb.* Then Love and Fortune for me: lead on *Clara.*

*Clar.* What do you mean!

*Alb.* O honestly I warrant you.

*Clar.* But consider my Lord.

*Alb.* I do *Clara.*

*Clar.* My Ladies virtue!

*Alb.* And my secrecy: there's virtue for her virtue: nay, if you  
Go to that, mine is a Cardinal virtue among the Ladies,  
And ought to be respected in any Court in Christendom,  
Where the Love, as well as Religion is Catholick.

*Clar.* But my Lord, you know decency requires—

*Alb.* And I'll do't as decently as the  
Or any Lady can, in reason require.

*Clar.* To morrow may prove more favourable to you;  
My Lady has but just heard the news, and her thoughts  
To night will run on my Lord's unkindness.

*Alb.* Therefore it shall be to night: 'Tis the natural constitution  
Of Womankind, upon the first suspicion of their Lovers inconsistency,  
To club with the next chance-comer for a revenge.

*Clar.* So that who ever falls,  
The sweetest meats are prudently ordered to our own Table.

*Alb.* The Policy is true Machiavil, I faith, on your sides;



And now for a stronger Testimony of this within.

Clar. O hold, you ruine all else, I'll in before, dispose all things to their proper places, and return in an instant, for scandal must be avoided.

Alb. And 'tis but reasonable; for reputation is the fairest Face Of Virtue, and will soonest cheat the World; This brings the Physician his Patients, and the Lawyer his Clyents; and though one destroy your Body, and f'other your Estate: Opinion justifies their Knavery, and secures Their Functions from Poverty and contempt.

Clara stays long—Pox! I'm impatient—I'll 'een enter, And do my Errand my self.

[Exit.]

Enter Lorenzo.

Loren. 'Twas here I left *Alphonso*, I know not why: Some unseen Power directs my steps this way: Would I could find the truth of what I fear: He is abus'd: And he's so near my heart, That when I think upon his injuries, A just resentment arms within my Breast, As if my better self were wrong'd in him. I'll take another turn to find him yet.— [Goes out and returns.] Perhaps I staid too long, and he is gone To wait me at my House,——It must be so.

Alb. 'Tis hard to leave my happiness so soon.

Clar. There may be danger in a longer stay.

Alb. I must be satisfy'd, you say.

Loren. Ha! a Mans voice from *Alphonso's House*! The door too open! There may be more in this; A midnight Thief, or Murderer.——I'll venture To secure him.

So brisk! have at you Sir.

Alberto?

Alb. Ha! Lorenzo: 'Twas lucky that

This business grew not up to cutting Throats.

Loren. My Lord! you are the Master of your thoughts,

They can inform you best.

Alb. Of what Lorenzo?

Loren. Whether you do deserve that Fate, or no?

Alb. You dare not think I do.

Loren. You know I dare.

All honest things: But you, my Lord! are touch'd. [Exit.]

Alb. Y'are indispos'd, I'll leave you Sir.

Loren. Farewell.

It must be so, else why alone? Why here

Alone? And at this Midnight hour? When none

But desperate Wretches wandring to their Fates,

Venture abroad, uncall'd. But then *Erymas*

Damn her, she sins beyond a Curse! and Hell

All Hell must do her Justice. Not allow

A minute for the Changing of the Scene.

E

She

## The Disappointment, or

She Wept! By Heaven I saw her faithless Tears,  
And thought I saw *Alphonso* in her eyes,  
Then, in that Minute, when the Devil and Lust  
Where Bawling for *Alberto* in her Heart!  
Oh Woman! Woman!  
Dear Damn'd deceitful Sex! 'Tis my own fault,  
If after this, I fall into thy Snare.

*Enter Alphonso*

*Alph.* *Lorenzo*! Welcome as the hopes of Peace,  
Thy presence brings to my divided Soul!  
O take me to thy Arms, and let me hide  
These Guilty blushes; that at sight of thee  
Start, and confess the weakness of my friend.

*Lor.* What weakness! Speak *Alphonso*.

*Alph.* Woud'st thou think it?

Since last we parted, I have wandred on  
Through the dark journies of the desert Night;  
My ridded thoughts hagg'd with oppressing fears,  
That sunk my Spirits to the depth of Hell:  
And ever as I went, *Erminia* stood,  
Like a tormenting Conscience in my way.  
To keep me waking to the fence of pain.

*Loren.* 'Tis scarce an hour since we parted.

*Alph.* Oh! The wretched count by years! By Heaven, my Friend,  
Were I to live those minutes o'er again,  
The horrors that attend on waking Guilt  
Would seize upon my thoughts, and hurry 'em  
Into the wildness of a mad Despair.

*Lor.* Despair, and Guilt and Horror. These are fit  
Companions for the Damn'd! The Murderer,  
In his last Death-bed Agonies, hears such sounds,  
To summon him to everlasting Woe:  
My Friend knows no such Crimes.

*Alph.* *Lorenzo*! Oh *Erminia*!

*Lor.* Well.

*Alph.* Instruct my weakness here,  
How to begin, what I shall say to move her;  
How to confess my self enough her slave.

*Lor.* You rave *Alphonso*.

*Alph.* Oh to thee I do!  
But didst thou know what 'tis to bear about thee  
A heart subdu'd, devoted to desires,  
Which, fierce as the first appetite of Youth,  
Drive violently to thee Goal of Love:  
That would inform thee better.

*Loren.* I cannot guess what you resolve on?

*Alph.* On my Happiness.

*Lor.*

*Lorenzo.* Like a Wastful Prodigal,  
I have long spent in folly, from my Store;  
But there is yet behind a large Estate;  
The promise of Eternal joyes to come,  
In my *Erminia's* Armes, where I will run  
And Love in quiet all my Life away.

*Lor.* 'Tis well resolv'd.

*Alph.* My Heart must bear me Witness  
With what unwillingness I entertain'd  
Those fears that shap'd these Monsters in my Soul;  
Then judge me all the World, and thou my Friend,  
With what a start, and Eagerness of Joy,  
I meet that peace, that ministers a Cure.

*Lor.* You mean *Erminia*!

*Alph.* I do: My Wife!

*Lor.* Is there such healing Virtue in a Wife?

*Alph.* Oh she's the kind Physician of my thoughts.

*Lor.* Nay then I ask your Patdon: Faith *Alphonso*,  
I thought a Wife, like other Remedies,  
By often application might grow stale,  
And be a worthless drugg upon our hands.

*Alph.* *Lorenzo*, Thou art alter'd in thy thoughts.

*Lor.* Men are not still the same: Our Appetites  
Are various, and inconstant as the Moon  
That never Shines with the same Face agen;  
'Tis Nature's Curse never to be resolv'd;  
Busy to Day, in the pursuit of what  
To Morrows elder judgment may despise.

*Alph.* These are the mouldy Morals of the Dead.

*Lor.* That speak the living plain: Art thou the same?  
Art thou not alter'd from what last I saw thee?  
The Hero strutting in thy pageant pride:  
Swell'd with thy wrongs, and bursting with resentment?

*Alph.* Ha!

*Lor.* Go, you would yet be more her slave.

*Alph.* What mean these words?

*Lor.* Your Tongue can best explain  
The Dictates of your heart: But now, you said  
You wish'd you knew to be enough her slave,  
I think 'twas so.

*Alph.* It was by Heav'n!

*Lor.* And Faith I thought a Husband needed not that Prayer.

*Alph.* Y' are merry friends! *Lor.* Would thou would'st be so too!  
And learn to think no farther of the Sex  
Than for thy ease and pleasure.

*Alph.* Still in Riddles!

*Lor.* To Morrow will unfold 'em: I must leave you,  
But friend, the Night's far spent, *Erminia* too  
Can live till Morn without you.

*Alph.* Sayst thou Friend?

*Lor.* To Night you must not see her?

*Alph.* Not see her?

*Lor.* No.

*Alph.* *Lorenzo*, There is something in thy thoughts,  
Thou dar'st not trust me with—I hope she's honest.

*Alph.* O doubtless, honest.

*Alph.* How did she bear thy Message?

*Lor.* Faith, *Alphonso*,

If I may count her sorrow by her Tears,  
She very hardly bore it: For she wept,  
Had not all Hell been kindled in her heart,  
Enough to have cool'd the Burning Devil there!

*Alph.* Then I am satisfy'd.

*Lor.* Indeed!

*Alph.* Aye!

Where would'st thou drive my doubts? If thou would'st have  
Me think thee still the same, my Friend, and Honest,  
Inform me of thy thoughts?

*Lor.* Then thou art Wrong'd.

*Alph.* That's the Disease! and know  
The Poisonous Scorpion that has made the Wound,  
Has virtue in its Blood to work a Cure:

The Man, my Friend, the Villain that hath done it!

*Lor.* There I must be Excus'd!

*Alph.* Not tell me?

The Honour of thy Friend engag'd! and thou  
Conceal the Villain from a just Revenge?

*Lor.* Not now! another time.

*Alph.* This prostituted outside-art may pass

Upon the World, where Interest is a Friendship,

But is despis'd, and scorn'd by nobler Souls.

*Lor.* You know me better; and I thought

My virtue had been try'd, and found sufficient

To justify our Honours to the World;

You might have trusted me with yours till Morn:

To Morrow we shall meet on better terms;

*Alph.* I was too blame: I know him honest:

And know his thoughts are labouring for my Peace!

Yet why he should conceal the Villains Name

Confounds me? Hold! if it should prove the Duke!

Confusion! All my spirits take the Alarm

Forward to do me noble justice there.

'Tis so—I know it now—*Lorenzo* too;

Divided in his thoughts, betwixt his Friend,

And Master, comes half-hearted to my Cause,

Till Fame report my Vengeance to the World.

Who's there?

*Enter* *Rogero*.



*Enter Rogero.*

*Rog.* Who's there Sir? why may be I am here Sir! may be I am not here! what's that to any man, Sir?

*Alph.* Nothing at all, Friend.

*Rog.* Here's a Rogue for you now, a fine embroider'd Rogue! That would scrape acquaintance for fear of a beating.

*Alph.* This Fellow may be of use.

*Rog.* Friend, you say, y' are very welcome Sir, but as I take it, I never saw you in my life before.

*Alph.* Then down with it for a secret.

*Rog.* What?

*Alph.* That an old man may be wiser than his beard: munn, not a word of this, as you hope for instruction.

*Rog.* I'll keep your Council.

*Alph.* Wilt thou my old Lad! Thou shalt never wear Spectacles more then: Hast thou heard no news of late?

*Rog.* No tidings of thy Wits! God help thee.

*Alph.* Why then I'll tell thee, the Duke—

*Rog.* What of him?

*Alph.* Why who would think it now?

*Rog.* Think! what!

*Alph.* That when the Devil's in the head; the Breeches shou'd be honest.

*Rog.* What's this to the Duke?

*Alph.* Excuse me there: There's a method in State Affairs, which we Politicians amble in to the end of our discourse, now, Sir, if you will mortifie the vehemence of your desire, with the phlegm of your discretion, and attend with patience, much may be done, and so I may come in order to what relates to the Duke.

*Rog.* Very well, very well.

*Alph.* But Sir, 'twill not be very well! when y' have heard it all.

*Rog.* Pray Sir, go on.

*Alph.* You know the Duke.

*Rog.* I think I have some reason.

*Alph.* You know him well.

*Rog.* Not well enough to lye with him.

*Alph.* 'Tis enough you know him.

*Rog.* Know him! ah God help thee, and the quantity of thy Brains, by thy impudent Catechism.

*Alph.* Why then old Truepenny the Duke is now most violently in labour.

*Rog.* In labour! Alas, I am in pain for thee.

*Alph.* And by an act of State, this very day. We are oblig'd, as all good Subjects ought,

To bring by turns our Wives and Daughters in.

As the best means of bringing him to bed.

How the poor Fools, I warrant you, will strive who first shall lay him.

*Rog.* How, my Daughter to be a Midwife at fifteen! God sa' me she is not come to the Criss-cross-row of her profession yet.

*Alph.* Hast thou a Daughter? home, quickly home then: Lock up thy doors.

Let her not see the day : Let her not draw the open  
 Air : for if there be a pore unbarr'd about her,  
 The bawdy Devil will get in, and then, Good-morrow Grandfather.  
 Rog. Gad, and it may be so, who can tell, ha! come Sir, this late  
 If you'll along with me, you'll find a hearty welcome, and poor fare.  
 Alph. I thank you Sir, I'll follow you : This disguise  
 Of Folly may conceal me for a night,  
 And my revenge to-morrow sets me right.

## Scene changes to Alphonso's House.

Erminia sitting.

Enter Lorenzo and Clara.

Lor. Your Lady not a bed?

Clar. Alas in tears,

She has spent the night, remov'd from comfort here, and from all eyes: She  
 mourns the hours away.

Lor. My visit may disturb her more.

Clar. She says you are always welcome.

Lor. She rises: I will venture on, and spare  
 Your farther service.

How is it with you, Madam?

Erm. As with one,

Who, wandering over a wide, barren waste,  
 Views the last circles of the sinking Sun,  
 Then gazing round, quite destitute of hope,  
 Forsaken and forlorn, sits sighing down,  
 To mix with night, and entertain despair:You are that friendly Traveller, whom chance  
 Has this way brought, to guide me safely home;  
 O lend some charitable succour to me,  
 And let me stray no farther from my joys!Lor. There's such an Angel innocence appears,  
 And pleads her cause i'th front of all her Crimes;  
 That if I look upon her, I must think  
 That 'tis impossible she should be damn'd.Erm. The hand of Heaven has reacht my Crimes and why!  
 Oh why shou'd I complain? Yet I must own,  
 When I reflect upon Alphonso's loss!  
 Oh when I think on that, my poor heart swells,  
 Beats in my breast, and rises at its wrongs,  
 Disputes the Justice of the Courts above,  
 And thinks my punishment out weighs my Crimes.

Lor. She'll talk me from the credit of my sense, if she goes on!

Erm. Oh had wilt Heaven design'd

To prove my vertue this way: I had stood  
 Firm as the Foot of Resolution,

And

And weary'd out the Tryal of a Saint!  
Afflictions of all kinds, the loss of Friends;  
The shame of Poverty, and the hand of Want,  
Diseases, Infamy; all, all together  
Drive me far off the Comforts of this World;  
But my *Alphonso*! Oh I cannot think  
Of life without him. — Heaven has made us one,  
Nor shall the malice of our Fate divide us.

*Lor.* It was *Alberto*, for I was awake:  
Death! I'll believe my Eyes in spite of Hell.

*Erm.* *Lorenzo*; you, nay you and Heaven must do  
A Justice here, and witness to my truth.

*Lor.* What does she drive at now?  
*Erm.* How I have ever liv'd, and always will,

(Tho banisht from his sight, and bed for ever)  
His truly loving and obedient Wife.

*Lor.* Indeed a most obedient, loving Wife!  
*Erm.* Alas! *Lorenzo*! I have lost in him

All that this World calls happy, and may peace  
Be still a stranger to my thoughts, if I  
Can guess a Cause.

*Lor.* Indeed! Is't possible?  
*Erm.* Thus in this awful posture, I invoke

Heaven, Earth and Men to evidence my Truth:  
May Comfort never find me, if my heart

E're sent a Wish to any other man:  
If when my Eyes have wander'd, they have fixt

On any other Object of Desire.  
Then why? Oh why am I thus hardly us'd?

*Lor.* In tears! away! send sorrow to the Grave:  
Let the stale, dry, bon'd Matron wist and weep

Her wrinkles full, at the sad memory  
Of those dear joys, that never must return:

Oh think on that; There is the wretchedness  
That sadly sighs, Youth is not always ours:

That Beauty that invites all Eyes, and now  
Charms every Heart, in favour of your Cause,

(When time shall sink his furrows on your Checks)  
Will pass neglected; Therefore be advis'd,

And do not lavish out those Charms in Tears,  
That are a Debt to Love.

*Erm.* Alas! my Charms  
Are useless now: The power that first made

And Conjur'd these saint Beauties into Charms,  
Withdraws his Influence; my loved *Alphonso* —

*Lor.* No more of Him.

*Erm.* No more of my *Alphonso*!  
Is he not mine? my Husband!

*Lor.* Therefore no more of him, *what Woman when*  
Her youth boils up, and wantons in her veins,  
When her hot, panting pulse beats to the joy,  
And the thin blood springs forward to be gone,  
What woman then would quench a generous flame,  
In an unactive, heavy Husbands Arms,  
That tires and jades your Expectation,  
In the first stretch of Love, then dully falls  
To his old Trot, and drudges out the Course?

*Erm.* I do not understand you.

*Lor.* Well, No more  
Of the dull Subject; Is't not so?

*Erm.* *Lorenzo*—

*Lor.* True Madam: And to leave you without Cause.

As you say Madam without Cause, (and sure  
You are the best Judge of such a Cause)  
Was barbarous, and did deserve that Fate.

*Erm.* Alas! what Fate?

*Lor.* Come, come: I know the Sex;  
And know there is a Spirit in the blood  
Of all you marry'd Women, that ne're fails  
Soliciting your thoughts to a Consent,  
Offorking out your vengeance on the Brows  
Of the forgiving, thoughtless Fools at home.

*Erm.* Our Sex may merit Censure. But I hope  
My Lord, You think some honest.

*Lor.* I believe  
Pride may do much to keep the body false,  
Or fear of vent'ring upon joys unknown;  
But she who once has tasted of the Sweets,  
(If honest to the love of Truth:) must own  
A relish still remaining of the joy,  
That plays upon the Pallat, and invites  
A youthful Appetite to taste agen:  
But when it comes to that, your Cravings grow  
Intemperate, not to be satisfi'd,  
Oh for the Brawn! the Back of *Hercules*!  
With all the three nights sweat, his father *Jove*  
Spent in *Alcmene's* service, but to try  
If that could satisfie a Ladies longing.

*Erm.* Alas! there is some meaning in your words  
I do not apprehend: but yet I fear,

*Lor.* I know thou dost: The Devil that taught thee Sin,  
And train'd thee to perfection in thy Trade,

Now



Now leaves thee to the Conscience of thy Crimes.

*Erm.* Alas! What Crimes! am I suspected then?

*Lor.* No. Prov'd, Confirm'd, Recorded in my Brain

And I will think thee Over twice a Day,

To warn me of the Dangers of thy Sex.

Suspected! Oh Hypocrisie of Hell!

Tho' thy feign'd tears have seal'd *Alphonso's* eyes,

With a fond Faith of Thee, thy Truth and Love:

Thou couldst not grossly think, that all the world

Lookt with dull Eyes, thro' an Eclipse, upon Thee.

But 'tis the spight and policy of Hell,

First to seduce, and tempt into the Sin,

And then betray us to the scourge and shame.

*Erm.* O! I had dy'd contented with the Loss  
Of my lov'd Lord.

*Lor.* Think, think on him!

*Erm.* O he is never absent from my Thoughts.

*Lor.* Think what a Creature he would make of thee,

Did he but barely guess at what I know.

*Erm.* What is't you know?

*Lor.* Away, away, vile Woman!

*[She follows him weeping.]*

How her eyes stream! Tho' they have long prophan'd

The Sanctity, and pious use of tears;

Yet now in pity to thy Soul, if they

Weep penitence, for mercy on thy Sins,

May they still flow, and wash thy stains away.

But thou hast forc'd me from my Faith, and left

Me hoodwink't, blindly stumbling upon doubts

Of thee, and all thy Sex: Therefore away,

Leave me! be gone, Thou Woman.

*Erm.* Yes, I will

To death, or banishment: But I have yow'd

Never to quit this hold, till you consent

To hear me!

*Lor.* Hear you! Say I should Consent;

What can you say? nay, if you should speak truth,

(Which certainly you wo'n not) and confess

The Circumstances, how you learn't the trade,

The time and place, the Clients you have had;

Nay, and how often they have see'd you too:

What comfort can this brag? Can this atone

For that foul Mark of shame, that Custom brands

For Womensins, on their wrong'd Husbands Brows?

*Erm.* Heaven knows how I am injur'd!

*Lor.* And Heaven knows

How glad my heart would be to find you so:

But last night. Think of that.

*Erm.* Alas! I do.

My grief will keep it ever in my mind.

But what? what of last night?

*Lor.* Was it well spent?

*Erm.* In tears and sorrow for——

*Lor.* The Disappointment

Your lewd Adulterer, *Alberto*, met with.

*Erm.* O Guard of Innocence!

*Lor.* Nay, to deny it,

With Curses minted in the mouth of Hell,

May add to thy Damnation—but not clear

Thee from the living proofs, these Eyes have given me.

Last night I saw him.

*Erm.* How? where?

*Lor.* Like a Thief,

I saw him steal away from out your House,

And had rewarded then his Treachery,

But Conscientious *Clara*, scouting round,

And dreading the Event, ran in, and——

*Erm.* What?

Has she been practising my ruin too?

What has she said? I see the snares are set,

And Innocence is doom'd to fall a prey

To the mad Censure of licentious Tongues,

But I defy the worst, what has she said?

*Lor.* Who Madam? trusty *Clara*, nothing she?

*Erm.* Then send for her, and wrack her for the truth;

She has a Womans weakness in her Soul,

That cannot look upon the face of Death,

Without a fear that will discover all.

*Lor.* Ha! if guilty? why should she invite

This trial, that would make her falsehood plain.

*Erm.* If then you find me foul; if she but hint,

A doubt of folly, in my course of life,

Last night, or any time, the way you mean,

By the fair hope of my eternal Soul,

I'll bow me to the Justice of your Sword,

Think you the holy Priest that offers up

My blood, to satisfy my injur'd Lord.

*Lor.* I know not what to think.

*Erm.* Alas my Lord!

I know you have condemn'd me in your thoughts,

And I must own,

The Circumstance shews guilty on my side.

*Lor.* His entering of your house——

*Erm.*

*Erm.* At midnight too——

*Lor.* Must come no doubt from some encouragement.

*Erm.* Alas, I only know my Innocence!

*Lor.* Well, I am satisfi'd foul play's design'd,  
And *Clara* deals the Cards to cheat us all.

*Erm.* If that were prov'd——

*Lor.* I speak not yet of proof,  
But when she saw *Alberto* joyn'd with me,  
She started, with confusion in her looks,  
As fearing a Discovery.

*Erm.* Indeed.

*Lor.* Let her not know what I have utter'd to you,  
For much depends on that.

*Erm.* Oh Heav'n protect the Innocent, and bring  
These midnight Treacheries to open day!

*Lor.* All shall be well agen, as yet your Lord  
Is ignorant of what is past; nor durst  
I trust his temper, lest his violence  
Might urge him on some desperate attempt,  
To ruin all: But Madam, when he hears  
From me the story of your injur'd Truth;  
Swift as a Lovers Wish, expect him here:  
'Tis He must prove my Advocate, and plead  
A Pardon for the faults my Tongue has made.

[Exit.]

*Erm.* A pardon! Oh may Heaven in Thunder send  
A general pardon to the sinning World;  
That every Heart may feel what mine does now;  
*Alphonso* comes; like Natures God, he shows  
In a May-morning thro' the Golden Boughs,  
Crown'd with the blushing Beauties of the Spring,  
Whilest Creatures of all kinds their Tributes bring;  
And Birds untaught, his joyful Welcome sing.

And all my past misfortunes did but prove  
The Purgatory to this Heav'n of Love.

[Exit.]

ACT.

## ACT. IV. SCENE I.

Enter Alphonso *disguis'd, with* Rogero.

Rog. SIR, I must leave you awhile.

Alph. With all my heart.

Rog. How Sir, with all your heart? why then perhaps  
You don't care for my Company?

Alph. O most infinitely Sir, as naturally, as a Woman loves a Fiddle  
And a Fool: I shan't dance till you return again.

Rog. Why Sir, you don't take me for a Fool or a Fidler?

Alph. Still you're in the wrong:

But that's the common infirmity of long Beards,  
Heaven and a Barber may mend all.

Rog. A delicate witty fellow this: I love him dearly, dearly well by Jupiter:  
But 'tis an ill-natur'd Toad: A Pox of his ill nature: But your great Wits must  
Have a relish that way: But as I was saying, I must leave you.

Alph. Your pleasure Sir.

Rog. My pleasure Sir, no Sir, 'Tis not my pleasure, (Why what a plaguy,  
testy, troublesome, quarrellsome Puppy 'tis!) Perhaps 'twould please me better to stay here!

Alph. O business must be obeyed.

Rog. Sayst thou so?

Alph. By all means.

Rog. I gad, and thou'rt i' the right on't again:  
But I shall suddenly return.

Alph. The sooner the better.

Rog. By Jupiter, it goes against my Conscience to part with thee:  
I am sorry for't: but I must leave thee.

Alph. Art thou my old Lad?

Rog. Heartily sorry.

Alph. An Onion will express it at your Eyes.  
Forme, tho' I shall be a loser by your absence,  
The thought on't moves not much.

Rog. Not move you! 'Why Sir, are you not sorry for my absence?

Alph. Not at all.

Rog. You are not sorry then?

Alph. Not I. There's a Philosophical Cataplasm in my Grandmothers  
Dispensatory, exceeds a Plantane Leaf for a broken-shin.

Rog. Ay, may be so. But what of that?

Alph. Why that serves me well enough upon these Occasions.

Patience!



Patience ! Sir, patience !

Every man has his liking. — But I prefer Patience to a Post-horse.

Rog. Patience is a virtue indeed.

Alph. O ever in a mad Dog !

Rog. Why in a mad Dog pray ?

Alph. Hypocrisie, that over-rules the world,  
Will have it so, things are not what they seem !  
Go to the Pulpits, there you'll hear of patience ;  
But if you think to find it in the Church,  
You'll lose your labour : Mark the Clergies looks,  
And you would swear that every Priest ingross'd  
That virtue to himself, when to speak truth,  
'Tis not their Fasting, Watching, or their Prayers,  
But envy at the next fat Benefice,  
That pines 'em into Ghosts : Nay Fools themselves  
Are not contented with their Lot : For I  
My self would be a Knave, if I knew how  
To set the Mill a going. —

Rog. An admirable Fellow this ! Gad I love and honour him, for preaching  
against the Priests : I warrant him a man of Parts, and of my own Religion : But  
you'll pardon me, I must away — But Sir, as I was saying, you may be very pri-  
vate here ; nothing will disturb your meditations, till I see you agen.

Alph. I thank your care !

Rog. Your Servant.

Alph. Your Servant Sir. —

[Exit.]

This must be that Rogers, whom my friend  
So oft has spoke of : Well, he knows me not,  
Nor my design : But thinks my few, poor Brains,  
Lie under the Dominion of the Moon,  
And this Disguise appears the Livery  
My folly wears, as the grows to the full.  
I must not stir abroad before my hour,  
'Tis yet too early for the Duke ; at Nine,  
Thine follow'd in the Belvidere, he takes  
His morning walk : The pleasure of the shade  
May tempt him from his followers to the Grove,  
And there I'll meet him, and make vengeance sure.  
I hear some coming this way : It may be this old mans Daughter,  
I've heard much of her, and would know her.

[Re-enter.]

Enter Juliana and Angelline.

Ang. You come most luckily : But I must blush  
That, what the obedience of a Child should hide,  
I must reveal, a Parents sin and shame.

Jul. Is she still obstinate !

Ang.

*Ang.* Inflexible,  
Not to be mov'd by Virtue or by Love.

*Ful.* When comes *Alberto* here?

*Ang.* Too well I know my Mothers diligence  
Will take th'advantage of my Fathers absence,  
And give him this occasion.

*Ful.* And I know  
There's an intemperate Devil in his Blood,  
That never slips an opportunity—

Where Virtue may be bought, or Woman ruin'd.

*Ang.* Is there no way to 'scape him?

*Ful.* Yes, a fair one,  
What I have satisfi'd you in before;  
Becoming well our Sexes Charity,  
To a weak Womans wrongs; 'tis what you may  
Without a stain of honour undertake,  
To free your self, and give me an occasion  
To oblige the man I love, perhaps reclaim him.

*Mother* } *Angelline* } *Why Child?*

*within.* } *My Mother calls.*

I have not time to hear your story out,  
But I am half instructed; pray withdraw  
And prompt upon occasion.

[*Juliana withdraws.*]

Enter Mother.

*Moth.* O! Have I found thee?  
Thou see'st Child, a Mothers Love attends upon thee always.

*Ang.* I thank you for your Care.

*Moth.* Ay, *Angelline*! I am a careful Mother, up early, and down late,  
Contriving for thy good, how to make thee a Woman, Child?

*Ang.* A few years Forsooth will bring that about,  
Without breaking your rest for't.

*Moth.* 'Tis a forward age indeed: I my self was not very backward in my  
youth, no Novice at thy Years: Fifteen was an age of Information with me,  
that when my heart panted, and my eye was pleas'd, could tell me what I  
wanted without an Interpreter: But *Angelline*!

*Ang.* Forsooth.

*Moth.* I would make a happy Woman of thee Child!  
And to that purpose I have sent to my Lord *Alberto*!

*Ang.* How mother? He has no business here.

*Ful.* But I shall find him an employment if he comes.

*Moth.* No business here I away! I see your ignorance; and 'twill  
Become you to be instructed by me,

For I have run thro the experience of many years : I have made shrew'd observations in my time, Mankind has been my study, and I warrant you 'twould do your heart good to hear me read a Lecture on every part about 'em; I'm Critical in every Point, a nice Distinguisher of the several Ages, Statures, and Dispositions of men, nay the Colour of their Eyes, and Hair cannot escape me. . . And for the true performing Complexion—I will live and dye in the perswasion of dark brown.

*Jul.* Nothing in commendation of a long Nose? [Aside.]

*Ang.* You are very knowing Mother.

*Morb.* And thou shalt learn : I have provided thee a Master that will instruct thee, and in that easie Method, thou wilt wish still to be task't with Lessons of his Love.

*Ang.* Indeed I fain would learn, but yet I fear.

*Morb.* Fear nothing *Angelline* : Fear nothing : What ! let the worst come to the worst a man's but a man, and a Fiddle for favour. I think I hear him within.

*Ang.* But Mother I shall so blush ! I cannot think of shewing him my face—I must be veil'd.

*Morb.* Well, Well. The Business of your Face is over.

There's something else can entertain a Lover.

[Exit.]

*Ang.* You may appear *Juliana*. I have urg'd this Business To a quarrel, and you must bear the brunt on't.

*Jul.* I am preparing for the incounter ———

This Veil transforms me to *Angelline* : But yet ———

*Ang.* Why do you sigh?

*Jul.* 'Tis pity to deceive him.

*Ang.* What if I took this Business on my self?

*Jul.* Not for the world *Angelline*. ———

But if I were a Maid agen.

*Ang.* You would not venture.

*Jul.* Indeed I ought nor, but I feel I should ———

*Ang.* You wou'd be wiser.

*Jul.* Only while he pleas'd.

*Ang.* I hear 'em coming. To your posture.

*Jul.* Farewel.

*Ang.* Adieu. *Angelline retires. And Juliana stands & veil'd in Angellines place.*

Enter Alberto and Mother.

*Alb.* At last the tedious date of hopes, and fears Is at an end, and she is all my own.

O let my arms thus press thee to my heart,  
That labours with the longings of my love,  
Struggles, and heaves, and fain would out to meet thee.  
But why this Veil? why dost thou hide thy face?

Not

Not answer me?

*Moth.* Alas! poor Child! I warrant you her thoughts run all another way. Speak to him *Angelline.*

*Alb.* She turns away.

*Moth.* No, no, my Lord! She's only confounded with her Passion.

Child, one word to save thy Mothers life.

She says, She's so mightily confounded,

She knows not what to say.

Alas! you know Maids must have their fits of modesty.

Besides at present you may better spare her tongue.

You will have talking time enough hereafter.

*Alb.* O you instruct me Mother.

*Moth.* This way, this way, my Lord!

Now Child, but shew thy self thy Mothers Daughter.

You will be gentle to her at the last:

Bate but a little of your Lordships vigour: She's young

And tender, and cannot bear, alas! what we can bear!

*Alb.* She points me to the Door.

*Moth.* And chides your stay. Away my Lord, away.

*Angelline comes forth.*

*Ex. Alberto with Juliana,  
& the Mother following.*

*Ang.* Thus far I'm safe: But how to secure my self for the future, from his Importunities, and my Mothers Humoural Office—~~I am yet to learn, if I should tell my Father, he is rash, and may do some violence to my Mother.~~ And tho she has put off a Parents Love, I cannot the Obedience of a Child. I must not be seen; here's a Door open. I'll in, and hide my self all the business be over.

*Enter Rogero.*

*Rog.* God forgive me—I've staid too long from the Clerk's call. For his understanding is none of the wisest—And hee'll excuse me without a Complement.—I think I hear him.—Well, he's a Companion for an Emperours.

*Alberto returns with Juliana.*

*Alb.* O *Angelline*! It is impossible to say how much I love thee.

*Rog.* Mercy upon me! my *Angelline* with *Alberto*!

*Alb.* The Extasie still triumphs in my heart,

My very thoughts so full of love, and thee;

That words want meaning to express my joy.

*Rog.* That Extasie! what does he mean now?

But I'll be with him, and his Extasie.

*Alb.* Give me thy blushes. Throw away that Veil,

That darkens sight, and feast my longing Eyes:

Come! shew me, ha!

*Rog.* Yes! She can shew my Lord.

[*Aside...*]

[*Exit Rog.*]

*Alb.*



Alb. Rogero here!

Rog. And it seems you have seen the Show: But before you and I part, you shall pay for your peeping.

Alb. Now Impudence, assist me!

Rogero, Thou see'st I make bold in thy absence.

Rog. For which in your presence, and in the presence of all the world, I will make bold to cut your Throat.

Alb. What dost thou mean man?

Rog. Nay, If you are thereabouts: What do you mean by your Extasies? Is my Daughter an Interpreter for your hard words?

But, If you be for your Extasies, I'll Extasie you, with a Pox at the end on't.

Alb. Your Daughter! your Daughter may in time.

Rog. Here's a Dog. Here's a Rogue for you. But draw Sir, draw.

Jul. If I stay, I shall be discovered,

I'll e'en sneak off with what I have got, and be thankful.

Rog. You Gentlewoman! Whither away so fast?

If you dance you must pay the Fidler.

Alb. Would I were fairly rid of this old Fellow, I have no stomach to murder the Father, when the Daughter has made me so handsome an entertainment already! Rogero, I won't fight with thee, prithee put up thy Sword.

Rog. Then will I cage thee, and raise an Estate at six pence a piece by shewing thee thro all Italy for a Mahometan Whoremaster as thou art.

Alb. Come, come you trifle time.—I must go by.

Rog. This is your way.

Alb. Nay then!

[Draws.]

Rog. With all my heart. But first, Thou most intemperate Placket-Monger! I here declare for the service you have done me in my Daughter there.—I will lye with your whole Family, from your great Grandam, do you see, down to her fourth Generation in Leading-strings.—I'll do't Sir, I'll do't. But come Sir. Have at you Sir.

Alb. Think but a little.

Rog. 'Tis to no more purpose. I won't Sir, I won't.

Alb. I would not kill thee.

Rog. presses Alberto, Lorenz.  
[enters between 'em.]

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. So! Now I can fairly make my retreat. Farewel, Sir.

Rog. Lorenzo! My Lord. Why don't you see there, my Daughter there? Why she has been—

Lor. What art thou mad?

Rog. And shall he carry it off thus?

Alb. Ay, ay, ay. 'Tis so. He's perfectly distracted. He foams already at the mouth. [Exit.]

Lor. What of thy Daughter man?

*Rog.* O nothing, nothing at all my Lord.  
 But I shall never have such an opportunity agen.  
 But come hither *Mistriss*, 'o mine: Thou most abominable *Angelline*!  
 Come and confess — Nay, nay, off with your Veil, and appear  
 In the true likeness of a Strumpet, and ———

[*Pulls off her Veil.*]

*Lor.* Why this is not *Angelline*.

*Rog.* Not my Daughter!

*Lor.* No.

*Rog.* By *Jupiter*, I am glad on't with all my heart.

*Jul.* Alas! I am a poor unhappy Creature!

*Rog.* Ay, ay. Any thing with all my soul Madam.

*Jul.* Betray'd by th' injustice of my Fate,

And a believing Womans easiness,

To the sure ruin of *Alberto's* Love.

*Rog.* Love Madam, What should a young Lady do but Love?

*Jul.* How I came here, and by what accident  
 He call'd me *Angelline*, your Daughter can inform you.

*Rog.* No body doubts it Madam.

*Jul.* Pray be not angry.

*Rog.* I was never better pleas'd in my life,  
 Never since I was born, Madam.

*Jul.* I hope Sir you'll the easier pardon me.

*Rog.* Pardon! Why, I'll come upon my knees to you. But I'll never forgive my self, never Madam: For coming in like an old Fumbling-Coxcomb, so unseasonably to spoil sport: If you had said but the least word to me, I would have held the Door in a civil way, and been thankful for the Office.

*Lor.* What turn Pimp *Rogero*?

*Rog.* In the humour I am in, I could Pimp, Lie, Hold the Door, or do any thing for any body ———

But my Lord; I am glad y<sup>e</sup> are come. The finest Gentleman ———

*Lor.* Where?

*Rog.* Here in the next room. He's somewhat Philosophically given, and hates Company, especially Womens Company; for which Reason I am the easier inclin'd to entertain him in my Family.

Oh here he comes; [Enter *Alphonso* and *Angelline*.]  
 He's a great Scholar, and a very wise man.

*Lor.* Is not that *Angelline* with him?

*Rog.* Ay. 'Tis so indeed — 'Tis *Angelline*.

*Lor.* If his wisdom hath found the Philosophers Stone in your House: You are certainly a made Man.

*Rog.* If my Daughter has: I am sure she's made a Woman.

*Alph.* What I have heard, and you confirm me in, shall turn to your advantage, do not doubt me.

*Rog.* Sir.

*Alph.* I am glad you are return'd

*Lor.* Sure I should know that voice.

[*Goes to Alph.*]

*Alph.*

Alph. I have discovered here. —

Rog. Ay, So have I, a Rascal.

Alph. Ha! Lorenzo there!

Then to my best disguise!

[Aside.

Rog. You're for the Philosophers Stone as I take it;

Is my Daughter turn'd Chymist?

Does she club with you in the Experiment?

Lor. Or are you a Tutor to instruct her in the Liberal Arts?

Rog. Of whoring I believe, and I will as liberally  
Reward him for his pains.

Jul. Oh hold! for Heaven's sake hold, and hear me;  
I may redeem you from this Error.

Rog. 'Tis to no more purpose.

Lor. 'Tis some mistake, and you must hear her.

Rog. Nay, if I must, and it be but a mistake,  
I care not if I do.

Alph. If he discover me in this disguise  
How shall I stand it! or how answer him  
To all those Questions, that his Doubts will raise?  
If he suspect my Purpose: Why, what then?  
Tho' his Suspicions fed upon his Truth,  
And his clear Eye in spreading Characters  
Read here upon my Forehead my Designs,  
He knows I wou'd go on.

[Aside.

Lor. This has indeed the face of Likelihood.

Rog. Of Truth it self: 'Tis impossible it should be otherwise.

Lor. Rogers! I would be private.

Rog. Not with my Daughter?

Lor. No, no: With this Gentleman.

Rog. With all my Heart. I'll examine this business within.  
Tho' I believe the Philosopher is no better than he should be.

Lor. I'll pass my word for him.

[Exit, with Ang. and Jul.

Alph. I thank you Sir, and take my leave. [Going to the Door, starts and turns.

Lor. Alphonso!

Alph. Ha! I am discovered! Well, Alphonso then.

Lor. You start and seem disordered.

Alph. Not at all.

Lor. I am glad on't.

Alph. Glad of what, Lorenzo?

Lor. Glad to find thee firm and constant to thy self;  
To find thee still the man I ever lov'd;  
Just, Valiant, Honest, Loyal, and my Friend!

Alph. O I am nothing, when not thine, thy Friend.

Lor. I know thou art my Friend: And therefore I  
Am glad to find thee and thy mind at peace;  
Thy thoughts are all clear, as Chrystal Current Streams.

In.

In wanton play, courting each other down,  
From the fair Fountain of an honest soul.

*Alph.* I never thought him troublesome till now.

*Lor.* 'Tis so : But I will cast beyond him yet.

*Alph.* Wou'd I were rid of him.

*Lor.* *Alphonso!*

*Alph.* Ha!

*Lor.* All is not well within friend.

*Alph.* Never better.

*Lor.* Come, come in vain you stifle a Concern.

That most appears, when you hide it most.

*Alph.* Concern! Prithce no more. I know of none.

*Lor.* This seeming may acquit you so the world.

But not to me : Be satisfi'd, I know you.

*Alph.* Why then you know me, and be satisfi'd.

*Lor.* Tho' I have grounds sufficient for my doubts,

I would not rashly entertain a thought

That thou wou'dst use false dealing with thy friend!

*Alph.* This is unkindly urg'd!

*Lor.* Then answer me,

Why this disguise? and I not know the Cause.

*Alph.* O Friend! no more of that : There is a Cause,

And I would have thee think, when I conceal

my self from thee, that then (if possible)

I would for ever hide me from my self,

And all the World.

*Lor.* May I not know that Cause?

*Alph.* I'm ill at ease

At present, most unhappy in my thoughts;

Unfit for many words : When next we meet—

*Lor.* When next we meet? *Alphonso have a care.*

*Alph.* Of what *Lorenzo*?

*Lor.* Come! 'Tis poorly done

To trifle with your Friend. And let me tell you—

*Alph.* Nay if you grow warm: Farewel.

*Lor.* You go not hence.

*Alph.* How!

*Lor.* Till I am better known to your Designs.

*Alph.* Away, no more of this.

*Lor.* Then be advis'd.

*Alph.* Last night, you may remember I was left

Under the hard oppression of my doubts;

And left by you in my extremest need,

When only you cou'd satisfy my thoughts,

And yet I question'd not.

*Lor.* My Business then



*The Mother in Fashion.*

59

Was yours, your peace of mind.

*Alph.* So mine is now !

*Lor.* I'll give you Reasons why I shou' conceal it.

*Alph.* My Reasons you shall have hereafter ;  
Why mine is now conceal'd.

*Lor.* Nay, then 'tis plain ;  
And mark me what I say, you shan't go.

*Alph.* How ! sha'not go ?

*Lor.* By Heav'n you sha'not go.

*Alph.* Who shall oppose my way ?

*Lor.* Sir, You may say  
The knowledg dear, to bring it to the proof.

*Alph.* Prithee forbear : This may be dangerous.

*Lor.* False Friendship's always so.

*Alph.* Yet that Friendship,  
False as it is ; instructs me how to bear.

*Lor.* Yes, you can bear, now you can calmly bear ;  
But 'tis with the same Cunning, that the Wolf

Puts tameness on, to abuse the Shepherds care.

But I shall watch you for the Duke—

*Alph.* The Duke ?

What of the Duke ?

*Lor.* No more of him : *Alphonso*

Take but a Minutes patience, and I will

Discover to your Ear—

*Alph.* Am I not wrong'd ?

*Lor.* You are.

*Alph.* No matter then for more Discoveries.

*Lor.* And you would be reveng'd ?

*Alph.* Reveng'd ! I will

By Heaven, I will be to the full.

*Lor.* And may,

You may, with safety, wou'd you hear me out.

*Alph.* Words are the Crutches, which tame Cowards use,

To halt upon, in any brave Design :

I am resolv'd, and may the Husbands Curie

Light here upon my Forehead, for the Boy

To find me out by, as I pass along,

The common scorn, and jest of laughing Pools :

When I desist from my resolv'd revenge

*Lor.* Desist ! No Friend, I come not now to preach

A sufferance to thee ; but to be employ'd,

To share thy Fortune, and assist thy Cause !

*Alph.* Dost thou joyn with me ? Then I draw my Sword,

Secure, and confident of my revenge :

Tho' he were great as the first *Caesar* was,

Hig

High Seated in the Empire of the World,  
With Nations waiting round him for his Guard,  
He went to nothing. All his glories here  
Should meet their Fate, and fall before my fury.

*Lor.* Be temperate.

*Alph.* Now let the Tyrant boast;  
Pride his vain thoughts, and triumph in his ill;  
Grow riotous, and wanton in the spoils  
Of the fair Fame of Noble Families;  
And let his Bawds, that are abroad for prey,  
Fatten his lust with fresh variety, and wrack him on the fury of desire.  
That I may take him in the hour of Hell,  
And seal Damnation to him in his Blood.

*Lor.* *Alphonso*, This is all a Mad-man's rage.  
Will you yet hear me?

*Alph.* There's such an Inspiration of revenge,  
Rages within my Breast,  
That I could stand an idle Looker-on,  
Tamely behold his Bawdy Ministers  
Dish up my Wife agen to his hot youth,  
And then my Sister, for his second Course;  
Rather than miss my Time. But this is talk:  
Now for the Duke.

*Lor.* Nay then, I can no more.

*Alph.* Why dost thou draw thy Sword?

*Lor.* To kill thee.

*Alph.* How! Is this thy Friendship!

*Lor.* Yes. The highest proof!

If thou art fond of Death, fall Nobly here;  
Not like a Villain, by the Hangman's hands;  
Stir not a step this way, for by the life  
Of my eternal Soul, I mean my Words.

*Alph.* You dare not mean 'em.

*Lor.* Do not prove my Daring;  
For if you do.

*Alph.* Nay then——

Yet I am calm. Is this a friend, *Lorenzo*?

*Lor.* Yes! A just one,

A Friend to Thee, thy Honour, and thy Name.

A Friend, that does deserve a Nobler usage.

*Alph.* I know thou dost deserve what man can merit;  
Bear with my weakness; I have been too blame;  
But pardon me, and use me like a Friend.

*Lor.* As I have always done, and ever will.

*Alph.* Then tell me which way I must steer my Course?  
Thou would'st not have me spend a sordid life

In a tame Fellowship with my Disgraces?

*Lor.* Nor would I have our generous Duke  
Fall violently under thy revenge,  
When Justice calls it on *Alberto's* life:

*Alph.* *Alberto!*

*Lor.* Yes. I speak on certainty,  
On my own Sense: And therefore came to find you;  
Had you been temperate, you had sooner known it.

*Alph.* Thou hast redeem'd my Soul from such a Sin,  
As only, an abandon'd Conscience, leagu'd  
With Hell, could have found out to damn me. Oh!  
My Souls Preserver: How shall I repay thee?  
What shall I say? Oh there is yet behind  
The Quiet, or the Torment of my life;  
I dare not ask thee, But if she be false—

*Lor.* Thy Wife! Thy too much wrong'd Wife is innocent;  
I've prov'd and found her innocence.

*Alph.* No more.

*Lor.* Yes. I have promis'd you shall see her.

*Alph.* See her, My Friend! Why is she innocent?  
O let the Tongues of Angels tune that word,  
When they speak comfort to despairing Souls:  
For there are Charms in every Letter there:  
The very Winds in silent Reverence,  
Must listen to the Music of that Sound,  
And bear about the Accents of my joy.

*Lor.* Come! You delay.

*Alph.* I had forgot my self.  
I thought I only dream'd of Happiness:  
And fear'd to wake to wretchedness agen.  
But lead me to her: O I do confess  
I am too blame: Now, when my sparing Fate  
Hardly allows me a few happy Hours,  
To trifle out my Minutes idly here;  
When Love invites me with his softest Charms,  
To improve my Joys in my *Erminia's* Arms.

*Enter Erminia.*

*Erm.* Who calls upon *Erminia*!

*Lor.* See, your Wife  
Impatient of her longings, comes her self  
To meet your steps, and bless you on your way.

*Alph.* My Wife *Lorenza*!

*Erm.* O 'tis Heaven to hear  
On any Terms, that dear lov'd voice agen:

H

Though

Though my misfortunes ever must despair  
Of any Comfort from these Lips; Yet speak  
Or if you will be gentler to my Prayers.  
Speak Kindly to me. Speak as you were wont;  
With those undoing Charms upon your Tongue;  
That have so often trembled to my Soul,  
In the lost Rapture of protesting Joys!

*Lor.* Can you hear this, yet see her on her knees?

*Alph.* Alas! I am unworthy, do thou raise her;  
And tell her Friend, the guilty memory,  
How I have wrong'd her innocence, turns my Brain,  
And fixes me a senseless Statue here.

*Erm.* Then I will rush upon you with my Charms,  
Break thro' the Bars of Modesty and Form,  
To your Assistance: Thus to fold you in,  
And with my Passion warm you into Life!  
My Love! My Soul!

*Alph.* My being! all that Heav'n,  
From the deep Councils of Eternity,  
Could have sent down his Blessings on Mankind  
To sweeten life, and beautify the world.

*Lor.* Why this is as it should be!

*Alph.* O my Friend!  
How is my peace indebted to thy Care?  
And how *Erminia*, how shall I reward  
Thy Virtue? How intreat thee to forget  
Thy wrongs?

*Erm.* I know of none.

*Alph.* Their memory!

*Erm.* I have no thought, but of my instant joy,  
Of Love, and Thee.

*Alph.* Thou art too good for man—  
But thy Example shall instruct my Love,  
And make me worthy of Thee.

*Erm.* O for this!

May the recorded Perjuries of men,  
Ne'er meet a Faith in our believing Sex!  
To injure the swift progress of their joys:  
Men are all Truth, all Constancy, all Love:  
And they who do traduce their Virtues, wrong  
Their Consciences: But yet it does belong  
To th'envious Old, so to instruct the Young.

*Alph.* And for thy sake, may listening Virgins find  
Their Lovers just, as thy *Alphonso's* kind.

*Erm.* And you, who hear the Story of our Lives,  
May you have all such Husbands—

*Alph.* And such Wives.—



ACT V. SCENE I.

*Enter Rogero, Angeline and Juliana.*

*Rog.* WELL! well, I am satisfi'd. I love Reason, and am easily periwaded in the way of Reason, or so: A little of it goes a great way with me; and when once I find it, why the Dispute's at an end.—I give it over, I am silent, not a word, not a syllable? Mum for me!

*Ang.* Indeed you have heard the Truth of what I know?

*Jul.* Nothing has been omitted.

*Rog.* Why very well— You see I am satisfi'd.  
But how the world may be mistaken in a Philosopher!

*Angeline!* Come hither. Come, I must take you to task a little upon the Point, or so. Nay, look thy natural Father in the face Child. Why this same *Alphonso* looks like a vigorous Rogue upon occasion: He had thee alone, that he had: Prithee how did he behave himself? Ha! what I warrant you, he kis't you.

*Ang.* No indeed!

*Rog.* What did he not kiss you? Put you to the squeak, or so;  
Tickle you, tumble you — Or —

*Ang.* No Sir, Nothing of all these.

*Rog.* Why, what a Pox, neither kiss, tickle or tumble, fumble or mumble you? What did he not offer you a Testimony of his Manhood, Child?

*Ang.* I do not understand you!

*Rog.* Nay, no Blushes for the matter! a man may do that in a civil way To shew his Breeding, Child: That he may, and no harm done.

But for *Alberto* —

*Jul.* Sir, May he do so?

*Rog.* Ay, and be whipt thro' the Guts too for his pains, Madam.

*Jul.* I hope not so.

*Rog.* Nay, I should be sorry for't: That's the truth on't: But I heard *Alphonso* talk something suspiciously that way.

*Jul.* O Sir, If you have pity for misfortune,  
Fly, and prevent this mischief: I have told you  
The Cause of these mistakes. *Clara*, and I  
Have been too blame: But he is innocent.

*Rog.* Nay, I am easily mollifi'd: I love an honest Whoremaster with all my Heart, that I do; and as far as old *Rogero* will go, by *Jupiter*, it shall be at his service. But we must make haste, that we must —

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE Changes to Alphonso's House.

*Enter Alphonso and Erminia.*

*Alph.* You know my purpose : Therefore be advis'd,  
And manage this Design with your best Art;  
I know your Letter soon will bring him here ;  
'Twill Conjure him, from his cool honest thoughts,  
Into the warmer Circle of your Arms.

*Erm.* Alas ! What means this preparation ?

*Alph.* Ha ! What means that Question now ? Is this a Time

*Erm.* If I am doubted !

*Alph.* If I were a man,  
Or any thing, but a fond Womans Fool,  
A Husband, Death ! you durst not trifle thus !  
Why will you drive my Nature to extreams ?  
Would you not have me satisfi'd ?

*Erm.* I would.

*Alph.* This is the only way.

*Erm.* I fear th'Event.

*Alph.* Th'Event, of what ? what is that you fear ?  
Have you a Cause of fear ?

*Erm.* I have a near one,  
Dear as my peace, and far above my life,  
Your safety is the Cause of all my fears.

*Alph.* No more—I hear him coming, you receive him  
As I advis'd : You know the rest. —

[Retires.]

*A SONG written by Sir George Ethridge.*

**S**ee how fair Corinna lies,  
Kindly calling with her Eyes :  
In the tender Minute prove her ;  
Shepherd ! Why so dull a Lover ?  
Prithee, Why so dull a Lover ?

In her blushes see your shame ;  
Anger they with Love proclaim ;  
You too coldly entertain her :  
Lay your Pipe a little by,  
If no other Charms you try,  
You will never, never gain her.

While

*The Mother in Fashion.*

61

*While the happy Minute is,  
Court her, you may get a kiss,  
May be, favours that are greater :  
Leave your Piping, to her fly,  
When the Nymph you love is nigh,  
Is it with a Tune you treat her ?*

*Dull Amintor ! fy, Oh ! fy :  
Now your Shepherdess is nigh ;  
Can you pass your time no better ?*

*Enter Alberto.*

*Alb.* So the kind Nymph, dissolving as she lay,  
Expecting sigh'd, and chid the Shepherds stay :  
When panting to the Joy, he flew, to prove  
The Immortality of Life and Love.

*Erm.* I must, but know not how to Act this Part.

*Alb.* Turn not away : I see the God of Love  
Is busie in thy heart ; He shoots his fires  
Through every Pore, and kindles every Vein,  
And now he mounts in blushes on thy Cheeks,  
That tell me all, and summon on my joy.  
Say Madam, is't not so ?

*Erm.* Nay, now my Lord.

*Alb.* Your looks confess it : Every glance declares  
For Love and me ; Whilest your hot glowing Eyes,  
Like golden Planets flaming from their Spears,  
Shine out, and guide me safe into your Arms.

*Erm.* Why do you talk thus to me ?

*Alb.* I confess I am too blame,  
When this kind opportunity informs me ;  
There are a Thousand better Arguments,  
Of more convincing Virtue to prevail,  
Than all the unperforming senseless noise,  
That talking love can offer to the Fair.

*Erm.* You wrong my meaning still.

*Alb.* I would not wrong it :  
Nor injure you so far, to think you can  
Mean otherwise : Away, this modesty  
Is the dull Virtue of a Marriage Bed ;  
The Idol only of a Husbands Zeal !

*Erm.* A Husband ! Then my Fit returns agen.  
Why did you name him ?

*Alb.* Nay the Devil knows.

*Erm.* At the least mention of that word, I start,

And

And the remembrance of my sufferings  
Freezes my blood, and leaves me pale with fear.

*Alb.* There is no danger in a Lovers Arms!

*Erm.* But did you know what I have suffer'd!

*Alb.* All, I've heard it all, and know the unlucky Cause,

The Letter that I sent——

*Erm.* What Letter?

*Alb.* That, that fell into *Alphonso's* hands.

*Erm.* I've seen one from the Duke.

*Alb.* It was from me.

*Erm.* Is't possible from you?

*Alb.* The Story shall employ an idler hour,

And Satisfie you in each Circumstance;

Why I subscrib'd the Duke to my Design.

*Erm.* I read the Consequence.

*Alb.* You see the straits

The hazardous attempts, that ventrous Love

Ingages on his way to Happiness:

Yet these are nothing now, tho' I have tired

The Expectation of a Chymists hope,

This Golden Birth at last rewards my Toil.

*Erm.* Forbear, my Lord.

*Alb.* Forbear!

*Erm.* I must not hear you.

*Alb.* Why?

*Erm.* Think who I am?

*Alb.* I do.

*Erm.* Whose Wife I am.

*Alb.* For that it matters not: Since you are mine.

*Erm.* O unexampled villany——

*Alb.* But why?

O! why these scruples now? I thought last night  
Had satisfi'd all doubts.

*Erm.* Last night, my Lord?

*Alb.* Nay, then I must refresh your memory!

*Erm.* This Insolence is Brutal.

*Alb.* Tho' I find

Your purpose plainly meant to my abuse,

I think the management of your Design,

Exceeds the peevish follies of your Sex:

Alas! We might have parted upon easier Terms;

For Faith you wrong me, Madam, if you think

I came to find out Constancy, or Preach

It to a Woman. I've been your Guest indeed,

Have met a hearty Welcome; and last night,

That Bawdy night, and honest *Clara* knows

I have



I have not been ungrateful? So, I leave you  
To the fresh youth of your next Customer.

*Enter Alphonso, with a Pistol.*

*Alph.* Thy own words be thy Sentence!

*Alb.* How? Betray'd!

*Erm.* My fears are come upon me; O some power  
Divert this mischief! Help for Heaven's sake! help. [ *Runs out.*

*Alph.* No Humane help can come between thy Lusts  
And my revenge: Despair, and Curse thy self.

*Alb.* You wo' not murder me?

*Alph.* 'Tis Justice now  
That arms against thy Crimes, and strikes in me:  
Therefore, prepare——

*Alb.* Yet throw away your odds;  
And do not basely thus attempt my life.

*Alph.* That baseness is your own: For face to face,  
When brave men shew their Actions to the Sun,  
You could not wrong my Honour, or my Name,  
But by base practises, and midnight Arts,  
You found the weakness of a Womans Guard,  
And there surpriz'd me, take the just Reward——

[*The Pistol not going off,——draws his Sword.*

Fortune I thank thee: Thou instructs my rage.

*Alb.* I wish no more Advantage. Now come on.

*Alph.* This brings thy certain Fate.

*Alb.* That's yet to try:—— [*Fight.*

*Alph.* Thy blood shews thou art mortal: Yet unsay  
What thou hast said.

*Alb.* Were Fate within thy power,  
I'd scorn my life at such a sordid price.

*Alph.* Then have thy Wish: O were the Strumpet here,  
That my just Sword might joyn your Bodies close  
As your glew'd Lusts—— This, Villain to thy Heart, S *Fight, Alb.*  
Thou hast it there; and she shall quickly follow. Z *falls.*

[*Going out, justles Rogero at the Door.*

*Enter Rogero.*

*Rog.* Why, what a Pow, here's fine doings indeed!  
If Whoremasters fall off at this rate, our Women  
Are likely to have a Comfortable time on't, that's  
Certain, Maiden-heads may hang as long as our Medlars  
Do, and mellow into Marmalet, That they may.

*Alb.* Some help I hope!

*Rog.* What, you are not kill'd then, you say? Only drill'd through  
The Guts or so, to cool your Liver, my Lord?

*Alb.* The loss of blood has made me faint.

*Rog.* Ah! what say you now to the Conjuror of a Black-brow'd  
Wench? Would not that raise you, ha?

*Alb.* Your Arm will do it better, Sir I thank you!  
But if you would be truly Charitable,  
Follow *Alphonso*; you may prevent him,  
Tho' he has vow'd the murder of his Wife.

*Rog.* Mercy upon us! why, what a bloody minded Monster  
Is a Cuckold in Imagination.

Oh! You come in time! here lead him in;  
Nay, no crying for the matter, Madam: He has  
Sprung a leak or so; that's the truth on't. But lead  
You but a helping hand, and I warrant him  
He serves agen, that he does——

*Alb.* *Juliana* here! I know humanity  
Instructs the world to pity the distressed;  
But oh! in thee, in thee whom I have wrong'd;  
This tenderness, these kind forgiving tears,  
Shew most amazing Goodness, far above  
The natural frailty of a Womans Love.

*Jul.* Abandon'd and forsaken, at my Birth,  
Or every State, I live outcast here!  
Doom'd by my guilty Fate to this curs'd day  
For thy undoing—I have been the Cause  
Of thy misfortunes.

*Alb.* Thou the Cause! Tho' thou  
Art Truth it self; In this I would prefer  
The Obstinacy of an Infidel,  
And 'twere less sin, than that injurious Faith.

*Jul.* I cannot look upon those bleeding Wounds  
Without a fear that sink me.

*Alb.* I have none,  
I hope, that dangerously threaten me.

*Jul.* Within, my Story shall confirm, what  
Have said, and raise your Doubts.

*Alb.* I go;  
Guessing in vain at what I long to know.

[Exeunt.]

Enter *Alphonso* with a Dagger against *Erminia*.

*Alph.* Nay—'Tis in vain. You should have thought before,  
Now 'tis too late.

*Erm.* Oh! why that dreadful Dagger?

*Alph.*

Alph. No stirring hence: There is no safety for thee.  
Think, think what thou hast done.

Erm. Alas! Your words  
Speak terror to me, and I fear you now!

Alph. I know thou dost.

Erm. O! Do not kill me Sir.

Alph. Not kill thee! why, this Impudence exceeds  
The measure of thy sins; and nothing but  
A dead stupidity that waits on guilt,  
Could urge that now: Not kill thee! have a Care,  
That thought that flatters thee into a hope  
Of Life, betrays thee to Damnation:  
For hadst thou Lives in Number to thy Lusts,  
Not one should scape me: No, I would not lend thee  
One last repenting hour to save thy Soul.

Erm. Yet hold my Lord—

Alph. None of your Womans Arts,  
To soften my Resolve.

Erm. Hear me but speak!

Alph. Have I not heard enough? Methinks my Ears  
Are full of Cuckold still, yet I will hear thee, say  
On what foundation canst thou raise a hope  
Of mercy? Is't from my Natures sufferance?  
A *Florentine's* forgiveness, thou canst hope,  
Or from the Venial Quality, you whore,  
Of your offending. O you Strumpet down!  
Down to your lewd Adulterer—

[Going to stab her.

*Enter Lorenzo, who interposes and takes the Dagger.*

Lor. Oh hold, Alphonsa— Hold! Are you a man?

Alph. Protect her not: For I have vowed her death.

Lor. Murder your wife!

Alph. A Whore, a Whore, Lorenzo! practise'd long  
In the hot exercise of Lethery,  
Ripen'd in Sin, and ready to be damn'd.

Lor. This is a Mad-mans rage, To be restrain'd  
By force if you go on.

[Draws.

Alph. Nay then 'tis plain,  
You would maintain her in her Trade?

Lor. I will defend her Innocence.

Alph. Her Innocence!

Or I am mad, or this will make me so;

*Alberto* has confess't it, in these Ears

Proclaim'd me Cuckold. Needs there other proof?

Lor. Not of his vanity: But I can bring

One more Convincing of her Innocence!

*Alph.* Words, idle words. *Lorenzo*! give me way.

*Lor.* It must be through my Breast, if you come on.

*Alph.* Nay, Since it must be so.——

*Just engaging Estminia throws  
her self between 'em*

*Erm.* O let me here

Atone this difference: Let your fury fall

Upon my life, and cut me from my Woes;

You think me false, my Lord; and in that thought

Are bury'd all my hopes: High Heav'n that knows

My Bosom'd Soul must witness to this truth,

Since Love and you no more, no more are mine;

The Comforts of this life are mine no more,

And death alone can be my Refuge now.

*Enter Rogero.*

*Rog.* How's this! Swords drawn upon a Woman: Since

Wars must ensue, I declare for the Subject: Old *Rogero*

Stands up for the Property of the Petticoat, that's certain;

Speak, what say you?—Is't a Bartel Royal, or no?

*Alph.* Prithce be gone! This is no fooling time.

*Rog.* Why very well, Now you say something, Y<sup>e</sup> have fool'd it long enough in Conscience already; murder your Wife for not making you a Cuck-old! By *Jupiter*, I thought the Devil in the Family!

*Alph.* How, that agen *Rogero*?

*Rog.* Nay Sir, I stand to my word, and over and over agen say, that *Albera* is an Als; as a certain Gentlewoman within, one *Juliana* can testify at large.

*Alph.* What dost thou mean?

*Rog.* Mean Sir? Don't you know what I mean? Why then Sir I'll tell you what I mean! In the first place I mean to be heard. And secondly, Tho' it be a little unreasonable, because I trouble you but seldom, I expect to be understood Sir, that I do: For as I was saying, this *Juliana* out of a regard to her former Acquaintance with *Albera*, finding his Designs on the Body of your Wife there; and my Daughter, has out of a Conscienceable Discretion supplied their p'aces, and fobb'd him off with her own proper Person. And there's my meaning out now.

*Alph.* Why this is won'eful, but tell me how?

*Rog.* How Sir! May be I won't! May be I can't tell you how!

I did not hold the Door, or Pimp to the Project; I

But there comes a Gentleman can tell you more.

*Enter*



Enter Alberto, Julia, and Angellina, and her Mother.

**Alb.** Thy Story *Juliana* has subdu'd  
My wilder thoughts, and fixt me only Thine :  
But oh ! Instruct me how I shall appear  
Before that injur'd Fair, whose Innocence  
Too late I find I have unjustly wrong'd  
Beyond a hope of Pardon.

**Alph.** Wrong'd said'st thou ? Wrong'd ? **Lorenzo ! Dost thou hear him ?**  
Even he, *Alberto* ! He, who best can tell  
If the be so, says that my Wife is wrong'd :  
You talk'd of Innocence, whose Innocence ? O speak !  
Inform me strait, and save me from my fears.

**Alb.** I must confess my wild Intemperance  
Urging me on, my busie thoughts were all  
Lawlessly loose, and ready for the Spoil  
Of Chaste *Erminia's* Virtue.

**Alph.** Ha—What Grounds ?  
On what Encouragement did you proceed ?  
Any from her ?

**Alb.** Oh never ! All I had  
Was from my fond perswading vanity :  
Till *Clara* came, and gave me fuller hopes.

**Alph.** *Clara* !

**Lor.** She has confest't her Treachery !

**Alph.** Impudent damning Whore !

**Lor.** Last night my Lord !  
You may remember we met here.

**Alb.** We did.

**Lor.** Came you abroad so late to take the Air ?

**Alb.** 'Twas *Clara* summon'd me, and I obey'd.

**Lor.** *Erminia* was the Feast she bid you to !

**Alb.** That was the Invitation : But I find  
I stand indebted for my Welcome here.

**Lor.** That *Clara* too confirms.

**Alph.** Why does there need

A farther Proof ? — The Circumstances join

In full Consent, to clear her to the World.

O let me thus make sure of Happiness !

Thus panting, fold thee in the Arms of Love,

Till my repenting thoughts, and subdu'd fears,

Confessing thy Dominion in my Heart,

Make room to entertain thy Triumph there.

*Rog.* Your Servant, my Lord: Here's a slight Commodity, A Maidenhead here; if your Appetite be up agen: We have Role Custom, and can afford you a pen' worth.

*Alb.* I have paid for that already.

*Lor.* Pray explain your self.

*Alb.* I bought her of that reverend Matron there, her Mother.

*Rog.* Hem! hem! hem.

*Moth.* What will become of me?

*Lor.* Rogero! I confess I had design'd Thy Daughter for my Wife!

*Rog.* With all my Heart.

*Lor.* But since she proves of such a virtuous strain, And on the surer side, I dare not trust my Honour With her Mothers Infamy.

*Rog.* Ay, as you say. 'Tis that forbids the Banes.—Her mother there!

*Lor.* There is no other Cause?

*Rog.* Here take her then: By *Jupiter* she's yours.

*Lor.* What dost thou mean?

*Rog.* Only to let you know, That the Prisoner at the Bar there, is no Mother of *Angellines*; no Matrimonial Consort of mine, but the natural iniquity of my youth.

*Lor.* Your Whore!

*Rog.* My Concubine, an't shall please you, of starving memory: Whom, when *Angellines* Mother dy'd, I entertain'd, for the Reputation of being in Fashion, and the Breeding of my Daughter.

*Lor.* A hopeful Education truly Sir! But now she is my Care!

*Rog.* Amen to that, with more Devotion than ever the Parish-Priest said it in his Prayers: Why, I am young agen, I could caper, sing, come over a stick, or any thing in the humour I am in.

*Moth.* I hope you'll pardon me.

*Rog.* Why, what did I fer you up for, but to follow your trade? I know a Whore run's as naturally into a Bawd, as a young man into Lethery and the Pox.

*Alb.* Or as an old man into Impotence, and Law Suits: Come Rogero! You must forgive her: You see in all Civil Governments, Bawds, as well as Lawyers past the Exercise of the Bar, are consider'd for their Experience; and both have their Chamber-Practice allowed them, for the Benefit of the Publick.

*Rog.* Nay then your Servant Sir! I am satisfi'd, if the Government allows it: And an satisfi'd 'tis a Civil Government for allowing it. And so your Servant agen.

*Lor.* Our joys are now Compleat.

*Alph.* By Heav'n they are

So purely perfect, nothing can remain

Worthy a Wish: You two are all the World.

*Exm.* Oh happiness of Life, and Innocence!

*Alph.*

Alph. And Innocence is prov'd: Oh there's the thing.  
For 'tis a Woman's falſeſt, vaineſt pride  
To boaſt a virtue, that haſt ne'er been try'd:  
Inequally too thoſe Huſbands live,  
Who peeviſhly againſt themſelves, contrive  
By early fears, to haſten on the Day;  
For jealousie but ſhews our Wives the Way:  
And if the forked Fortune be our Doom,  
In vain we ſtrive; The Bleſſing will come home.

[Ex. Omnes.]

The Prologue Written by Mr. John Dryden.

The Epilogue by the Honourable JOHN  
STAFFORD, Eſquire.

THE

# PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. BETTERTON.

**H**OW comes it, Gentlemen, that now aday,  
When all of you so shrewdly judge of Plays,  
Our Poets tax you still with want of Sense,  
All Prologues read you as your own Express;  
Sharp Citizens a wiser way can go,  
They make you Fools, but never call you so,  
They, in good Manners, seldom make a slip,  
But, Treat a Common Whore with Ladyship;  
But here each Sawcy Wit at Random writes,  
And uses Ladies as he uses Knights.

Our Author, Young and Gracious in his Nature,  
Vow's, that from him no Nymph deserves a Satyr.  
Nor will he ever Draw—I mean his Rhime,  
Against the sweet Partaker of his Crime.  
Nor is he yet so bold an Undertaker  
To call MEN Fools, 'tis railing at their MAKER.  
Besides, he fears to split upon that shelf;  
He's young enough to be a FOP himself.  
And, if his Praise can bring you all A-bed,  
He swears such hopeful Youth no Nation ever bred.

**E H T** Your Nurses, we presume, in such a Case,  
Your Father chose, because he lik'd the Face;  
And often they supply'd your Mothers place.  
The Dry Nurse was your Mothers ancient Maid,  
Who knew some former slip she ner'e betray'd.  
Betwixt 'em both, for Milk and Sugar Candy,  
Your sucking Bottles were well stor'd with Brandy.  
Your Father to initiate your discourse  
Meant to have taught you first to swear and Curse;  
But was prevented by each careful Nurse.  
For, leaving Dad and Mam, as names too common,  
They taught you certain parts of Man and Woman.  
Pass your Schools, for there when first you came,  
You wou'd be sure to learn the Latin name.  
In Colledges you scorn'd their Arts of thinking  
Learn'd all Moods and Figures of good Drinking:

Thence



Thence, come to Town you practice Play, to know  
 The Vertues of the High Dice and the Low; **THE SPARK** sets up for Love behind our Scenes;  
 Each thinks himself a **SPARK** of Fire, and says, **THE SPARK** sets up for Love behind our Scenes;  
 He cheats by Pence, is cheated by the Pence; **THE SPARK** sets up for Love behind our Scenes;  
 With these Perfections, and what else he can;  
 The **SPARK** sets up for Love behind our Scenes;  
 Hot in pursuit of Princesses and Queens;  
 There, if they know their Money with cunning Chances;  
 Twenty to one but it concludes in Marriage;  
 He hires some Homely Room, Love's Fruit to gather,  
 And, Garret high, Rebels against his Father;  
 But he once dead  
 Brings her in Triumph with her Portion Down;  
 At Willet, Dressing-Box, and Half a Crown;  
 Some Marry first, and then they fall to Scolding;  
 Which is, Refining Marriage into Whoring;  
 Our Women batten well on their good Nature;  
 All they can rap and rend for the dear Creature;  
 But while abroad so liberal the **DOLE**;  
 Poor **SPOUSE** at Home is Rugged and Cold;  
 Last, some there are, who take their first Degree  
 Of Lewdness in our Middle Galleries;  
 The Doughty **BULLIES** enter Bloody Drunk;  
 Invade and grabble one another **PUNK**;  
 They Caterwaul, and make a dismal Noise;  
 Call **SONS** of **WHORES**, and strike, but ne'er lodge one;  
 Thus while for Paultreys Punks they rant and scold,  
 They make it Bawdier than a Conventicle.

# EPILOGUE,

By ANOTHER HAND.

**Y**OU saw your Wife was Chaste, yet throughly tryd,  
 And, without doubt, y<sup>e</sup>re hugely edify'd;  
 For, like our Hero, whom we shew'd to day,  
 You think no Woman true, but in a Play;  
 Love once did make a pretty kind of Show,  
 Esteem and Kindness in one Breast wou'd grow,  
 But 'twas Heav'n knows how many years ago,  
 Now some small Chatt, and Guiney Expectation,  
 Gets all the pretty Creatures in the Nation:  
 In Comedy your little Selves you meet,  
 'Tis Covent-Garden drawn in Bridges-street.

Smile.



